

The Elks

Merry Christmas

DECEMBER, 1934

EASTERN EDITION



A Judge Priest Christmas Tale by Irvin Cobb

An Interview with Henry Ford — An Octavus Roy Cohen Story



* The recipe for the perfect Egg-nog is given below

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★ ★ ★ * FOR A PERFECT EGG-NOG

Beat separately the yolks and whites of 6 fresh eggs. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar to the yolks while beating, and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of sugar to the whites after they have been beaten very stiff. Mix the egg whites with the yolks. Stir in 1 pint of rich cream and 1 pint of milk. Then add 1 pint of Paul Jones Whiskey and 1 ounce of Jamaica Rum. Stir thoroughly, and serve very cold with grated nutmeg on each glass. (This recipe makes 5 pints of Egg-nog.)

This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale in any state wherein the sale or use thereof is unlawful.

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How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"Of course I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I do remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? How did that merger work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel St. Regis—compelled me to look at him, though it is not my habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

When I met Mr. Roth—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts, or something I have read.

"You can do this as easily as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth "was originally very faulty. Yes it was—a really poor memory. On meeting a man

I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to. His Course did; I got it the next day from his publishers.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight States to find that I had learned—in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That lesson *stuck*. So did the other six.

Read this letter from one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York:

"May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method, and the ease with which its principles may be acquired, especially appeal to me. I may add that I already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage."

This man didn't put it a bit too strong.

The Roth Course is priceless! I can count on my memory now. I can call the name of any man I have met before—and I keep getting better. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method.

The old fear of forgetting has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't sure. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, at a banquet, in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

The most enjoyable part of it all is that I am now a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he knows how to make it work.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and see instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in our office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

Here is just a bit from a letter of a well-known sales manager up in Montreal:

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Any one—I don't care who he is—can improve his Memory, 100% in a week and 1,000% in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in increased power will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES.

Send No Money

So confident are the publishers of the Roth Memory Course that you will be amazed to see how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course send only \$3.50 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn. Walter J. Black, Inc., Dept. 1912, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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Dept. 1912, 2 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me, in a plain container, the Roth Memory Course of seven lessons. I will either return the course to you within five days after its receipt or send you \$3.50.

Name.....

Address.....

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The Elks Magazine

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT
AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED
STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE
DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NA-
TIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity;
to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to
quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."
—From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

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DECEMBER, 1934

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Winners of the Home Modernization Letter Contest

A MOST interesting array of letters was received in response to the \$10.00 prize offer in the October issue for information as to how members of the Order are availing themselves of the credit facilities made possible by the Federal Housing Administration, for the purpose of improving their homes. From the material received—text, photographs, sketch plans and diagrams—the Editors found it difficult to make a choice. The final vote, however, showed the following to be the winners and checks have been mailed to them:

E. A. CHRISTY, Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34
H. M. HANSON, Grand Forks, N. D., Lodge, No. 1501
MRS. JOHN SNEYD (whose husband is a member of Compton, Calif., Lodge, No. 1570)
E. E. SWIM, Alhambra, Calif., Lodge, No. 1328



H. M. Hanson's home in Grand Forks, N. D., before (left) and after (right) the improvements made possible by an F. H. A. loan had been made

JACK O'DONNELL

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Cold weather driving is easy on tires—that's why you get 30% more non-skid mileage when you buy new Firestone Tires now. Replace your smooth-worn tires today. Get the protection of deep-cut, rugged, non-skid Firestone Tires all winter long—and still have practically new tires next spring. See your nearby Firestone Service Dealer or Service Store today.

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or Nelson Eddy every Monday Night
over N. B. C. — WEA F Network

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YOUR BRAKES CAN STOP YOUR WHEELS
but
YOUR TIRES MUST STOP YOUR CAR

by
*Irvin
S.
Cobb*

*Illustrated by
F. R. Gruger*



*A Christmas
Story about
the Author's
Most Famous
Character*

*Blair's wife was a
small, shabby, under-
nourished woman*

Re-enter Fudge Priest

IF you'd care to, I'd like for you to go with me. I'm going back Down Yonder to the days when our old Judge Priest still ran things at our old court-house pretty much as he pleased. As may be remembered, he quit of his own accord after Prohibition came in. What I aim to tell you about now dated back to a time before the threat of Prohibition was more than a cloud the size of a man's hand, and during what they called the Saloon Era. So it was quite in tune with the course of events that a saloon should have been the setting for the opening scene of this narrative.

INTO this saloon on a September afternoon when the heat was calculated to fret the nerves of a saint, there walked by separate ways two men who made no claim, either of them, to saintliness. And after the meeting was over, only one of them walked out. The other was carried out, still breathing, but gone before they got him to the city hospital.

To the actual killing there were no onlookers; so there could be no fabrication of direct evidence, barring the account of the survivor, who naturally might be biased in his own behalf, and the mute yet eloquent proof of a gunshot wound through and through the dead body.

So the coroner's jury recommended that the slayer be held for the higher court and he went to jail; and the deceased went to the Elm Grove Cemetery followed by a plump widow who, if deeply she mourned, managed very successfully to dissemble her grief; and the case went on Judge Priest's criminal docket for the ensuing fall term; and the town, generally speaking, went about its business.

On its face, this particular affair was a sordid enough affair; Copyright, 1934, by Irvin S. Cobb

but as the hour for going to trial drew nearer, it nevertheless seemed to give Judge Priest concern entirely out of proportion to its apparent merits. Not that he publicly discussed the issue, or privately either. He showed his interest in other ways: although there isn't any doubt he tried to avoid showing it. For instance, when word came to him that the imprisoned man had hired for his defense young Samuel Purdy, newest and rawest of the local barristers, an added seam joined itself to the furrowed lines already smocked on the old Judge's bald brow. It might be that he considered how forlorn a figure the sappy Purdy was likely to cut when pitted, as he would be, against Mr. A. S. J. Baldwin, the recently elected Commonwealth's Attorney. Around the court-house they already were calling this gentleman "Blood Hound" Baldwin, seeing that Mr. Baldwin, being minded to go further and higher in public life, was striving hard to pile up an imposing tally of convictions in this his first year in authority. And Judge Priest and Mr. Baldwin weren't getting along together any too well. There was an obvious undercurrent of friction in their official relations. It may have been that Judge Priest figured the ambitious Mr. Baldwin as just a bit more mindful sometimes of his own political prospects than of the proper ends of justice. On the other hand, it may have been that Mr. Baldwin thought His Honor over-prone to temper righteous punishment with an undue amount of compassion.

Nevertheless, in his preliminary treatment of this particular case of the Commonwealth against Asa Blair, the old man betrayed no trace of such merciful feelings as privily he might be entertaining. Contrariwise, he rather leaned backward, it would seem, in his desires to hold the scales evenly and impartially balanced.

Take the matter of a bond for this Asa Blair, which came up within a week after court convened; that would make it early



Dr. Lake found the ailing Judge nursing in one hand a toddy tumbler and looking especially fit

in November. The grand jurors had chosen to disregard Mr. Baldwin's demand for an indictment for murder but they did indict for first degree manslaughter. Wherefore, a morning or two later, Mr. Purdy fumblingly interrupted the hearing of an equity action to apply for the temporary release of the accused man on bail. His Honor inquired who the proposed surety might be, and how great a sum the surety was prepared to risk.

"It's Mr. Tom Sam Whittlemore, the gentleman that my client was workin' for him at his shingle mill before they took and locked my said client up," explained Mr. Purdy, "and Mr. Whittlemore is ready to go security fur him up to five thousand dollars."

"Not enough, the seriousness of the charge considered," crisply said Judge Priest, who always used grammatical speech in his courtroom and rarely used it outside.

"Well, suh, Your Honor, mebbe he might—I could anyhow ast him—mebbe he might possibly go a little higher than that."

"Pending trial, the Court is not inclined to consent to the release of this defendant in any sum which conceivably his former employer might be willing or able to furnish," stated Judge Priest coldly, very much to the surprise of Mr. Purdy and incidentally to the abounding satisfaction of Mr. Baldwin, who was present for motion hour.

"But ef Your Honor please," said poor little Mr. Purdy, being taken aback still further, "ef you'd name what Your Honor regards as a suitable figger, why leastwise I could go out and see what I could do about mebbe gittin' somebody else to back up Mr. Whittlemore and so—well, I reckon that's about all, Your Honor," he concluded lamely.

"The Court," announced Judge Priest grimly, "declines to grant bail under any circumstances and without regard to the financial standing of any sponsor. Mr. Purdy, your client will remain in his present place of custody until his case has been disposed of through the orderly channels of the law. . . . Mr. Clerk, we will resume the regular proceedings where they were broken off."

So that was that, and people might make of it what they pleased.

Thus it befell through a period of weeks thereafter that a small, shabby, undernourished-looking woman went daily to see her husband where he was locked up in that squat, dark, eyesore of dulled brick and barred windows which stood on the far side of Courthouse Square. Occasionally she made her dolorous pilgrimages alone, more often though she was tagged by a shabby and tow-headed little girl of about eight or nine, her eldest. Going, always she carried a food offering—maybe something hot under a napkin, maybe something cold in a paper parcel—anyway, something tasty to supplement the jail ration.

One day about noon—it was the day before Thanksgiving—Judge Priest, having ordered a recess for dinner, came wallowing down the court-house steps just as Mrs. Asa Blair, jail-bound, crossed the lawn in front of him. For that climate it was a cold day. A raw wind blew out of the east and she was wearing a flimsy coat and had a pinched, haggard air about her. With an inscrutable smoulder in his eyes behind their steel-rimmed glasses, Judge Priest checked and watched her pass. Passing along beneath him, she raised her head with one quick oblique glance which telegraphed a sort of fear, a sort of dumb entreaty to the man who shortly would sit in judgment to try her husband, then swiftly averted her face again and went on, hugging to her the pitifully small bundle she bore. The old man stood and stared at her diminishing figure.

It so happened that just behind him was his crony, old Dr. Lake. Dr. Lake had that morning been a witness in litigation affecting a will. Dr. Lake had a way of speaking his mind.

"By gum, that makes me sick!" he snorted.

"Whut makes you sick?" inquired Judge Priest, still staring.

"You do!" snapped Dr. Lake. "The look that poor little skimpy, threadbare thing gave you—and she so full of her own misery she didn't even see me, that brought all three of her babies into this world! And never got a red cent for doing it, either, if anybody should ask you. Not that I ever expected to be paid. Or even wanted to be paid. I'm not forgetting, even if a certain other party seems to have forgotten it, that she's a daughter of Danny Cloud, that served with you and me both under Bedford Forrest—as good a soldier, by gum, as ever fought under the Confederate (Continued on page 57)

Should the Profit System

An Interview with

by Samuel

THE thing to do with the capitalist system is to destroy it." But can you?

The so-called capitalists (they have no exclusive right to the name) have at times done their best to break up the system by trying to manipulate it so as to get more profits than were earned. They never hurt the system. They only hurt themselves. The politicians have done their best to destroy it by loading it with vote-getters planted in jobs. Sometimes the politicians pretend to be reformers and come forward with schemes to have the state control all jobs by owning and operating everything in, so they say, the interest of the people.

They have never destroyed the system. They have only so hampered it and created so much poverty and discontent that the job holders who were supposed to vote for them have voted against them. Workingmen have never tried to overthrow the system. They are too keen for that. They have at times rebelled against some injustice, but they know that their share under this system is greater than under any other system, for the reason that other systems produce little or nothing to share; so that it is not the intelligent workman who talks against the system, but politicians masquerading as workmen.

It is not an accident that every time the system of work and reward has been seriously interfered with in the belief that the rewards can be better distributed, the result has been that everyone has gotten less than before, and that whatever maldistribution previously existed has been made worse. Reforms seem always to bring in new injustices to add to those already existing. This is because everything which has to date come forward as a reform centers on regulating the freedom of a citizen to exercise his rights in his own way, and in addition usually seeks to take away from the individual a part of what he rightfully earns and to give it to someone who does not or cannot earn. The Government can usefully regulate business traffic, but simply slowing down the traffic or stopping it altogether is not regulation.

PROGRESS always has come and always must come from the initiative of individuals. I cannot recall any item of human progress that has come from any committee or board or governmental body, and it is not too much to say that setting up a body of experts to regulate human progress would be the most effective known method of preventing such progress.

The new inventions which from time to time come in to lift the world never arrive fully matured. The laboratory has its limits and must be supplemented by actual experience. Indeed, most men with ideas do not start with laboratories. During the early days of every great improvement there is always a question as to whether or not it is really an improvement.

The early telephones, the early electric lights, the early phonographs and the early automobiles, to mention only a few striking instances, were all so far from being satisfactory that

they ran against walls of opposition.

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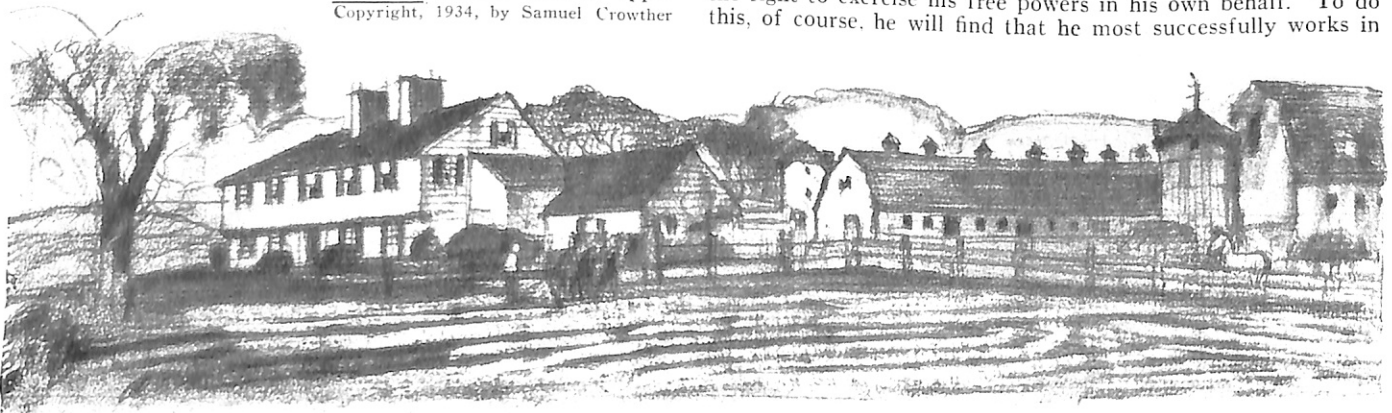
sition. None of them took the world by storm. In most cases the recognized experts declared that the inventions were worthless. Both the makers and the users of the inventions had to educate themselves in the school of actual experience before the products could be made even reasonably satisfactory.

The kind of men who decide against anything new also decide that whatever is already here is perfect. The character of mind which can believe itself expert is seldom big enough to realize how little it knows in comparison with what is to be known. Ten years ago, many held that the automobile had been perfected. Of course it had not. Today there are many who think the automobile has been perfected. Of course it has not. And so it goes with everything. It is to me really remarkable that men should today say with an appearance of great authority that the methods of production have been perfected, when in point of fact the most that we have succeeded in learning up to date is that the future will make heavier demands for improvement than the past.

THE American system of free action and fair reward is the only one that gives free play for improvement and therefore the only one that can promise a fair distribution of wealth. There seems to be a notion that the "capitalist" system is somehow bound up with banks, bankers and money lore. It is necessary to have money in order to exchange goods more conveniently than by barter. But if money be shoved out of its place and be considered as anything more than a servant of the system, it hampers instead of helps the production and interchange of goods.

Some of our people have thought that if they could create money they could create wealth. But wealth consists of useful goods, and money which is made out of thin air does not add to the stock of goods and therefore does not add to wealth. Money performs a very important function in making easy the exchange of goods through the exchange of money, but when money draws men's minds away from production, as we saw happen in the era ending in 1929, it upsets the real capitalist system in which the capital is Ability and Goods. Now governments generally are trying to make money do what the financiers tried to make it do—that is, serve as a substitute for production—and, of course, governments will fail just as the financiers did, in this particular effort.

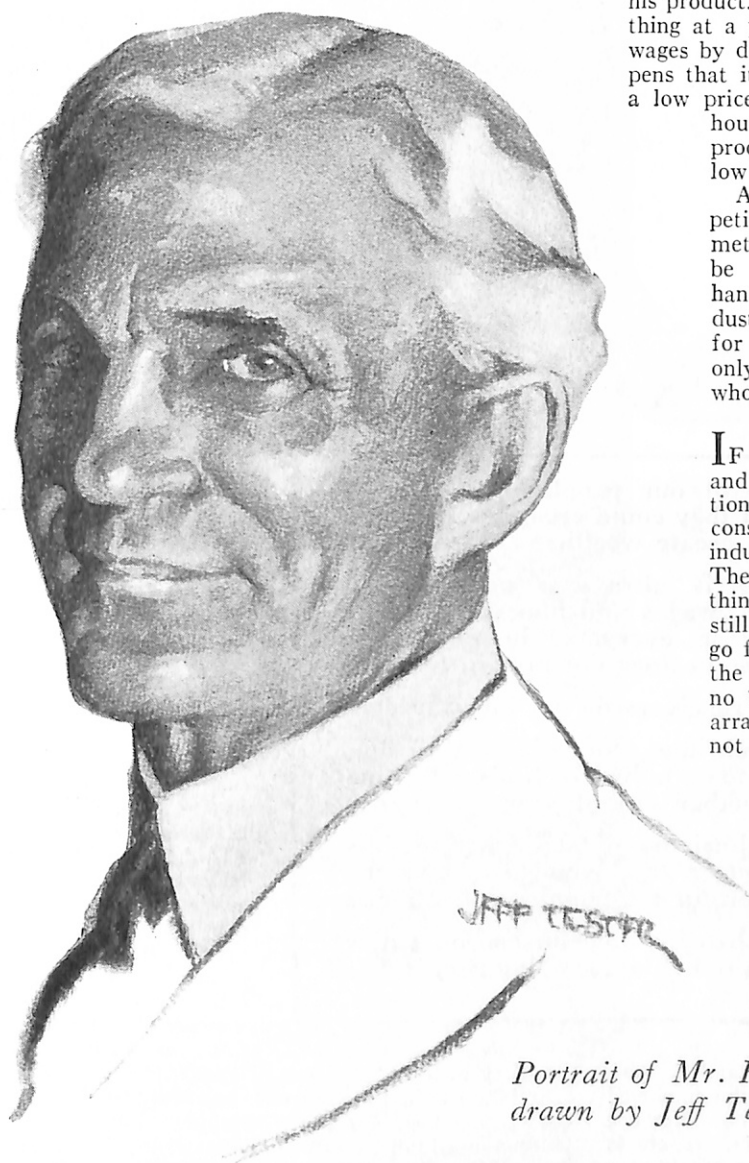
The vital part of the true—not the imaginary—capitalist system is not money but the free opportunity of the individual to work, to manage, to succeed or to fail—in other words, the right to exercise his free powers in his own behalf. To do this, of course, he will find that he most successfully works in



Be Destroyed?

Henry Ford

Crowther



*Portrait of Mr. Ford
drawn by Jeff Tester*

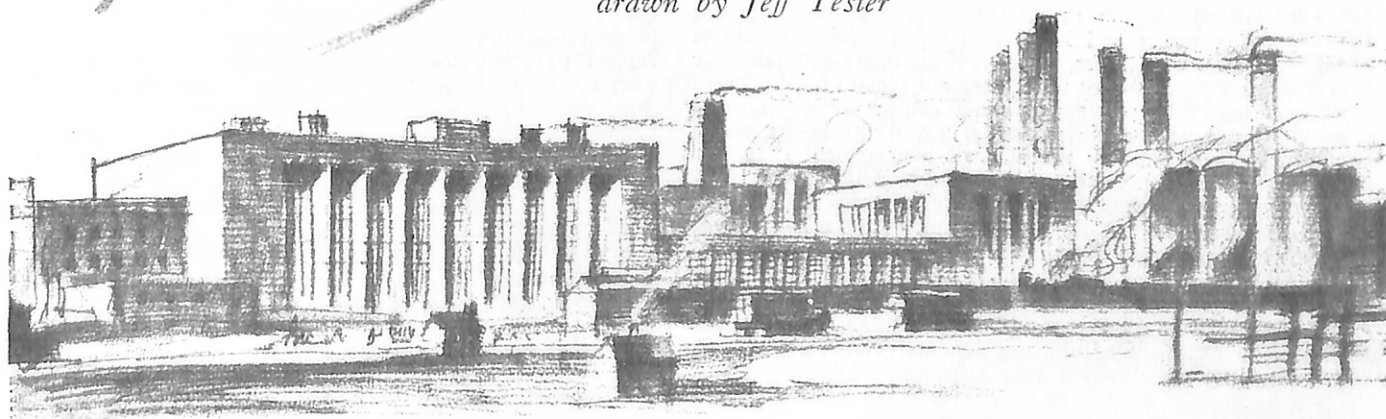
his own behalf when he works in behalf of others as well. The desire for free action is the strongest of human instincts and will persist under any and all circumstances. It is nonsense to talk about *replacing* competition with cooperation. That would mean that these two are opposites. They are not, unless one chooses to twist the meaning of the words cooperation and competition into something that they do not mean. In order to achieve anything of importance, one must cooperate with one's fellows; but to combine in such fashion that the efficient will not be permitted to think farther and achieve farther than the inefficient is simply combining to block human progress and promote poverty. Such cooperation would eventually "stabilize" progress at a very low stage.

No one need bother much about the reputed evils of unfair competition. So quickly do those evils cure themselves that reforms and remedial laws only follow. A man may stay in business for a while, turning out a bad product and paying low wages, but the public will soon put him out by refusing to buy his product. On the other hand, a man who can make a good thing at a price lower than has been charged, and pay better wages by doing so, is a public benefactor, and it just so happens that it is impossible to turn out a first-class product at a low price unless one does pay good wages for reasonable hours of work. There is no way of getting a good product out of men who work through long hours for low wages.

All successful employers know this. Allowing competition to do its natural work, the most serviceable method is the one that survives. Society should not be burdened with any business that does not enhance the value or comfort or security of life. Industry is forever changing, but it always changes for the better, and saving an inefficient unit is only holding back the progress of the country as a whole.

IF an industry combines to fix a price for its product and stipulates that there shall be no changes or innovations in designs or manufacturing methods without the consent of a committee of the industry, then that industry has drawn up a charter for its own extinction. The members of an industry may fool themselves into thinking that they can preserve themselves by standing still. It is impossible to stand still. One must either go forward or go backward. No matter how elaborate the arrangements for such a "stabilization" may be and no matter what wages and hours are promised, the arrangements cannot be carried out and the wages will not be paid. The public will decline to pay the prices asked and therefore production will fall, while a competitive product will arise to take the place left vacant by the price fixing. And so the original industry which sought to preserve itself will find that it has killed itself, and its plans to prevent unemployment and insure profits have turned out to be plans to promote unemployment and bar profits.

It is not in the public interest to preserve a corporation in a job which can be better done by someone else. The "capitalist" system is not one simply



of profit—although those who do not know it represent it as such. It is a profit and loss system. One may or may not care much for money. That does not matter. But money is the business score and also it is the only indicator that one has of the extent to which one is meeting the needs of the public.

Many seem to be attracted by the phrase "production for use" as opposed to "production for profit." But there is really no way of producing for use unless one produces for profit, for without profits there is no fund available for the invention and experimental development of commodities which the public will use. Production cannot continue without customers or users, and so all legitimate production is for use. What can anyone do with goods except use them?

Producing for use has an attractive sound, but in practice it would mean the setting up of a board to determine exactly what the public ought to have and in what measure it ought to have it. There are no men wise enough to sit upon such a board, but, even if there were, how many citizens would consent to give up their freedom of choice and go on rations?

ANOTHER great merit of the capitalistic system is that there is simply no way of using money except in the public interest. Sometimes it would seem that gains are made against the public interest. But they are very short-lived. Competition very quickly disposes of those who are unable or unwilling to serve. Money is of no use unless it is put to work, and money cannot be put to work without also putting men to work.

The principles of real business never change. Prosperity cannot alter them; depression only confirms them. They are so powerful that they will sweep aside anything that seeks to substitute bad practices for good practices. The principles are very simple. They are:

(1) *Make or sell the best possible product at the lowest possible price.*

(2) *The best possible product (or service) is one that best fills a real human need.*

(3) *In the course of making or selling, pay the highest possible wages for the shortest possible number of hours.*

Striving always for the best involves incessant change in methods, materials and designs. This in turn means that neither the employer nor the employed can ever regard his job as settled. There is no difference between fixing wages and hours and fixing prices. There is always a point where prices, wages and hours are profitable for everyone involved, but that point does not remain fixed. There is no eventual limit to wages and they can go steadily upward—provided scientific achievement be not stopped—but wages can be advanced only by the skill of management. That is the only way they ever have been advanced. Arbitrary, compulsory wage increases inevitably force price increases and decrease the purchasing power of the wage dollar. At the same time, through decreasing consumption, they lower the annual wage.

Machinery and management have been steadily increasing wages and steadily decreasing hours of work. This desirable condition can never be the result of bargaining. You cannot bargain into existence anything which invention and management have not yet brought into existence. The very name

bargaining indicates that one party can get the better of the other. But no one ever wins in a wage dispute. If the wages are so high that they have to be carried into an increased price, they defeat themselves. If they are so low that they leave the wage earner no margin, then also they defeat themselves because the wage earners constitute the largest single class of buyers.

It seems humane on the face of things to spread work. But when we spread work, we merely spread poverty. One man employed at full wages at full time will have a buying power which will cause a demand for goods that will put other men to work. If we divide that man's time, and consequently his wages, among two or three men, then all of them will be on the level of mere subsistence and can buy only the barest necessities. Spreading work, in spite of the fine motives behind the action, only spreads unemployment. Charity is one thing and work is another. They cannot be mixed.



¶ Some of our people have thought that if they could create money they could create wealth

¶ There is always a point where prices, wages and hours are profitable for everyone involved, but that point does not remain fixed

¶ Dole receivers do not love the dole

¶ I think the reorganization of the farm to an industrial basis will bring in another era of great prosperity

¶ The business of supplying food is no longer great enough to give the farmers of the country a livelihood

¶ The growing of paint can be a new and profitable farm industry

INDUSTRY, and industry alone, can pull this country back to prosperity and afford everyone a chance to earn a living. Politics, regardless of parties, have never brought or maintained prosperity. We were pulled out of the great slump that began in 1873 by Edison and his electric light. We were pulled out of the great slump that began in 1893 by the rise of the automobile. No amount of "make work" ever ended any depression. It must come from creative work, and for this we become more and more dependent on the progressive advances of the industrial laboratory. The old round cannot be trodden forever. What most of our "recovery" efforts amount to are attempts to blast open the paths which lead back into the past, into the old ways that are permanently blocked by the debris of old errors. The whole mystery of the matter lies in this power to start afresh, where it will manifest itself and what forms it will take. It cannot be magically produced or financially produced, or brought into being by the mere waving of benevolent hands. But when it comes it is known at once to all by its self-certifying reality.

What we can do about it, no one knows. It may be that our greatest mistake has been the demand to "do something about it." We might have been farther ahead if we had not interfered so much by insisting on a variety of artificial economic stimulants.

It is apparent to every one, especially to the employed and the unemployed, that if the unemployed are to be supported, the unemployed must do it. In emergencies we do this willingly. Indeed, the greatest objection to the dole or to public support does not come from those who have to provide it, but from those whose necessity compels them to receive it. It is terribly apparent to these latter that the really important thing is to get back to work instead of merely receiving support. Dole receivers do not love the dole. Only work that creates wealth matters, and that work has to be of a useful character and furnished, not through any semi-charitable motive of giving a man a job, but because the work needs to be done. The world is literally full of work waiting to be done, and the problem is to connect the men who need the work with the work which needs the men. Money—the mechanics of exchange—enters here, and that is a matter which few feel qualified to deal with.

(Continued on page 37)



Shortly after his arrival he was apprenticed for eight years to William Bradford, famous New York printer and Publisher of the New York Weekly Gazette

Not Guilty!

His Majesty the King

versus

John Peter Zenger

by

Charles Spencer Hart

Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

THE jury is out. On the decision of twelve grim, silent men of His Majesty's Colony of New York rests the personal liberty of one man. But of far greater import—their verdict is to be the initial step toward the Declaration of Independence and the eventual freedom of the American Colonies.

Chief Justice De Lancey, in powdered periwig and black robe, scowls down from his bench on the restless spectators in the crowded courtroom. He whispers behind his hand to the King's prosecutor—one Francis Harrison of evil fame. The counsel for the defense, Andrew Hamilton, whose hair is white with the frost of eighty winters, smiles encouragement to the prisoner in the dock, and through the courtroom windows on this sultry day in August, 1735, comes the murmur of the waiting crowd.

At last the moment comes. "Oyez, Oyez," cries the bailiff. The courtroom rises as the jury files into the box. The foreman, facing the scowling judge, announces the verdict in one brief sentence. "We find the defendant, John Peter Zenger, not guilty." *Not guilty of publishing false, scandalous and seditious libels against the Crown.*

Bells ring out and cheers arise from freemen throughout the land. Henceforth the press of America is to become a free and unhampered medium of education, a purveyor of news, a guardian of the public welfare and a menace to corruption in public office. From this day in 1735, newspapers and magazines are destined to play a leading part in Revolutionary development by educating the Colonists as to their constitutional status and their rights as men in the light of law and equity.

WHAT led up to this remarkable trial and its dramatic conclusion constitutes a chapter in American history little known to the public of our time.

Its hero was an obscure German-American, aged 38, a reporter and printer by trade. Neither a writer of promise nor a printer of great talent; just a thorough,

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work-a-day reporter with the courage to set things down as he saw them regardless of threats of imprisonment and possible execution.

Coming to America with a group of immigrants sent over by Queen Anne in 1710, John Peter Zenger landed in New York after a terrible five-months' trip during which his father died, leaving to a Spartan mother the responsibility of raising a family of three children in the Colony of New York. John Peter was thirteen years of age—the oldest of the trio.

Shortly after his arrival he was apprenticed for eight years to William Bradford, famous New York printer, and Publisher of the *New York Weekly Gazette*. Late in 1719 he went to Maryland to pursue his trade. He resided there for some time, but eventually came back to New York to resume his connection with Bradford's paper, in which position he was to play a part that would firmly establish his name in American history.

SO much at present for the hero. Let us now to the villain of the play, William S. Cosby by name. Just as the Caesars of the Roman Empire had their Pilates, Herods and Agrippas, so the Kings of England in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries sent their incompetent and licentious favorites to rule over the colonies of their kingdom. Cosby was the worst of a bad lot. Arrogant and intolerant, he stopped at nothing to achieve his ends. From 1725 to 1731 he had been Governor of the Island of Minorca in the Mediterranean, until his conduct, which precipitated a general uprising, forced his royal master to send him elsewhere. The Colony of New York was to be the next victim of his unscrupulous administration. The King made the appointment in 1731, but Cosby spent the better part of the year carousing in London and on the Continent and did not reach New York until thirteen months later.

While Cosby was thus occupied, an able and respected Dutchman by the name of Rip Van Dam, by virtue of his office as senior member of the Provincial Assembly, had been acting as Governor of the Colony. During this period, Cosby had been drawing from the Royal Treasury the salary which went with the office of Governor of New York, but he had hardly set foot on New York soil before he called Van Dam to the Governor's office and demanded of him that he return half of the money which he, Van Dam, had been paid during his tenure of office as Acting Governor.

The Dutchman's reply was: "If you will divide with me all the fees and salary which you drew while you were in England last year, I will divide with you all that I received while I was acting in your stead." Cosby, in a rage, prepared to sue Van Dam. He designated Supreme Court Justices—Chief Justice Lewis Morris, Judge Frederick Philipse and James De Lancey—as judges to hear the case.

Van Dam, in the meantime, had retained two of the ablest lawyers in New York—James Alexander and William Smith—both great liberals and on the side of the people against the oppressions of the Crown. These counselors, with perfect legality, denied the jurisdiction of such a court to sit in judg-



ment on a case of this character and, to Governor Cosby's amazement, Chief Justice Morris sustained their contention and ordered Van Dam acquitted. Whereupon the Governor dismissed Morris as Presiding Justice and appointed De Lancey, whom he could better control.

But Lewis Morris was one to be reckoned with. He was a man who had given the better part of his life to public service. For twenty-seven years he had been a member of the Assembly. Quick to see the schemes and duplicity of Governor Cosby in using a venal court to further his own interests, Morris likewise saw the weakness of the Governor's argument and opposed him at every turn, standing squarely on the letter of the law. He perceived the necessity of putting Van Dam's case, as well as his own, before the people and began to look about for a means of accomplishing this.

FIRST of all, Morris decided to run again for the Assembly from the District of Eastchester, and the scene now shifts to the little Colonial Episcopal Church of Saint Paul's in Eastchester, which stands today in the City of Mount Vernon—



"I have had the Liberty of speaking through the Hole of the Door to my Wife and Servants," his editorial read

Zenger reported the election in every detail as he saw it. He told how 38 Quakers were illegally disqualified from voting on the ground that they wished to *affirm* rather than to *swear*. He told, also, of the attempted intimidation of voters by the King's Sheriff, and of Cosby's attempt to vote a group of unenfranchised sailors from the harbor front in New York. In minute detail he set down all the events of the day which ended in the triumphal election of Morris.

But all to no purpose, for upon Zenger's return to New York the trucking *Gazette* refused to give an account of the affair and dismissed him for his unbiased report.

Now Morris saw his chance. Obviously, he realized, the best means of getting before the people his unfair dismissal by the Governor, as well as Van Dam's case, was through the creation of a newspaper that would not be subservient to the Governor and his allies. Shortly thereafter the two lawyers who had defended Rip Van Dam, and who subsequently had been disbarred by Governor Cosby, combined with Van Dam and Morris to finance an independent newspaper which would cover the events of the day and print the side of the Colonists without fear or favor.

The New York Weekly Journal thereupon came into being, with John Peter Zenger as its Editor. Its first edition contained a full report of the Eastchester election. This was followed by a series of exposures of graft and malfeasance in office of Cosby and his associates, great care being taken that nothing be printed except that which could be substantiated and proved to be true.

Governor Cosby ordered several of the issues of the *Journal* burned in the City square by the public hangman, and on November 17, 1734, Zenger was arrested at the direction of the Governor under the following warrant of the King's Council:

"It is ordered that the Sheriff for the City of New York, do forthwith take and apprehend John Peter Zenger, for printing and publishing several Seditious Libels dispersed throughout his Journals or News Papers, entitled, *The New-York Weekly Journal*, containing the freshest Advices, foreign and domestick; as having in them many Things, tending to raise Factions and Tumults, among the People of this Province, inflaming their Minds with Contempt of His Majesty's Government, and greatly disturbing the Peace thereof, and upon his taking the said John Peter Zenger, to commit him to the Prison or common Gaol of said City and County."

The arrest was a great surprise to the people of New York. No power to commit Zenger was vested in the Council and its action was without any basis of legality. As one historian states it: "The warrant, by its terms, was merely an expression of the opinion of the Council, supported by no evidence and with no opportunity offered to the accused to defend himself."

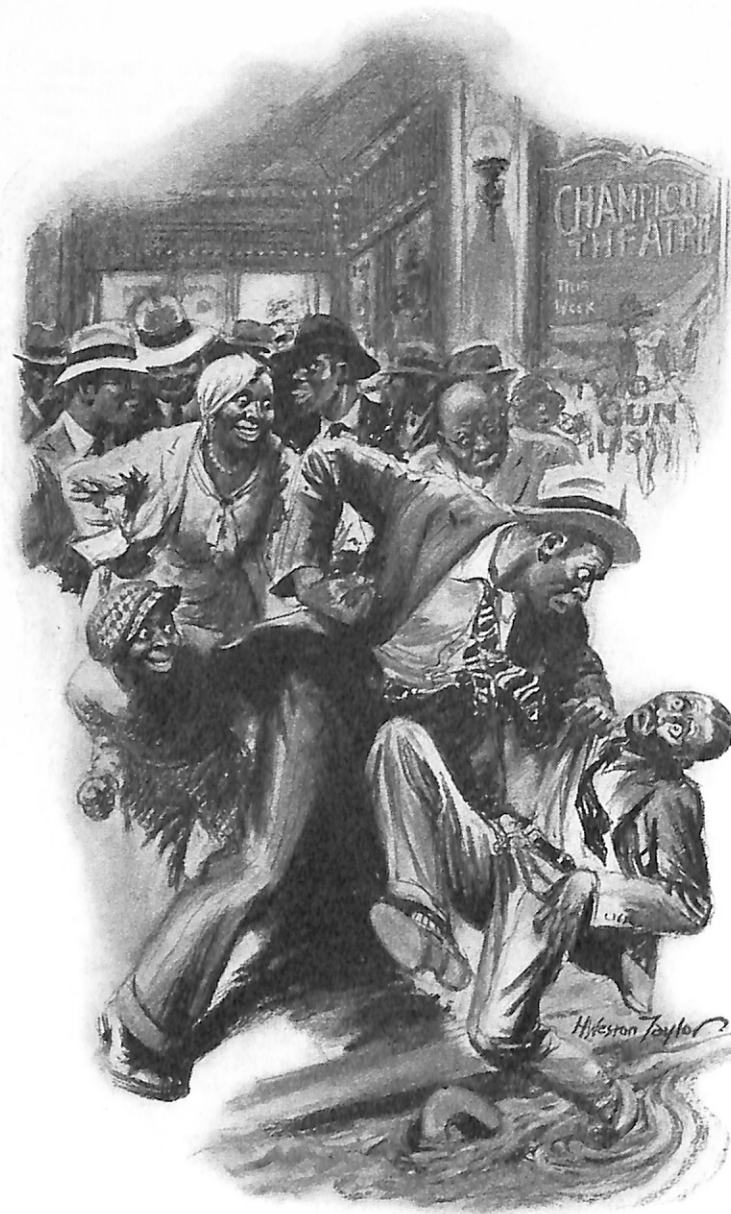
Zenger was held in close confinement for several days in the City Prison and denied the use of writing material and communication with the outside world. His counselors procured a writ of *habeas corpus* on November 20th and made application for bail.

(Continued on page 42)

one of the oldest religious edifices in present use in America. In the Eighteenth Century it counted among its congregation the ancestors of President Franklin D. Roosevelt, and one of its first ministers was the Reverend Samuel Seabury, forefather of the present Judge Samuel Seabury of New York. Another was the Reverend William S. Coffey, who was pastor for the last fifty years of the Nineteenth Century.

Cosby put up one of his lieutenants as a candidate in opposition to Judge Morris and, through his authority as Governor, set the election for October 29, 1733. He omitted, however, to mention the hour at which the election would be held. Knowing the unscrupulousness of the man, more than fifty citizens were determined to be at the polls at midnight on the day before, to prevent a crooked election and an arbitrary closing of the polls before an honest ballot had been cast.

Early in the morning more than three hundred additional Colonists arrived on the scene to vote for Lewis Morris. Along with them came John Peter Zenger, who was to report the affair for the only New York paper at the time, Bradford's *Weekly Gazette*, which was completely under the dominance of Cosby and printed nothing distasteful to him or his associates.



Mr. Chips proceeded to manhandle and almost dismember this star of the dusky social firmament

MR. FLORIAN SLAPPEY'S pants were in a sad state of disrepair. So was Mr. Slappey.

In the seclusion of his modest quarters at Sis Callie Flukers' boarding house, the erstwhile Beau Brummel of Birmingham's Darktown struggled forlornly to restore to his pearl gray trousers some slight semblance of their pristine elegance. And as he labored with commendable diligence—blinking mournfully with his one good eye—he thought bitterly of the colossal indignity to which he had been subjected the previous night by that archest of all arch enemies, Mr. Gideon Chips.

The assault and battery perpetrated by Mr. Chips upon Mr. Slappey had been unexpected and unjustified. It had occurred without warning in front of the Champion Theater at a moment when the innocent Mr. Slappey had been giving Miss Fauna Jones her choice between a tall, refreshing glass of ice cream soda at the Gold Crown and a toothsome barbecue sandwich at Bud Peagler's . . . after which he proposed to deposit her, in most virtuous fashion, at her home on Avenue B.

Of course there was a background of temporarily demoralized romance of which Mr. Slappey had been unfortunately unaware. He had not known, for instance, that Miss Jones had recently quarreled with Mr. Chips. He only knew that Fauna had telephoned him that she had two free passes to the

Certified Bilk

by

Octavus Roy Cohen

*Illustrated by
H. Weston Taylor*

Champion and that she desired the pleasure of his company. He did not even suspect that she had then sent word to Gideon that she was being squired by the elegant Mr. Slappey or that the subsequent mayhem had not been unanticipated by Miss Jones.

What he did know was that the huge and muscular Gideon descended upon him in a cloud before a gathering of Darktown's elite, and that Mr. Chips had proceeded to manhandle, abuse, maul, pummel and almost dismember this scintillant star of the dusky social firmament, depositing him eventually in a large gutter which was, at the moment, teaming with the muddy waters of a recent shower. There had been ribald laughter from the spectators; jocose comments which seared the sensitive soul of Mr. Slappey, and Florian's discomfiture had been rendered absolute by the fact that Mr. Chips and Miss Jones then sauntered happily down the street together, their differences forgotten.

Mr. Slappey lifted himself from the depths of his gutter degradation, glared after his broad-shouldered nemesis and perfidious gal friend, and uttered a vow.

"One of these days," he said aloud, "that hunk of tripe is gwine regret he flang me in them water."

This morning the affair rankled more deeply. Mr. Slappey felt that he had lost face, that he was an object of derision and unkind comment, that his prestige had vanished. And into his room intruded the short, angular Sis Callie, who regarded her star boarder with keen appreciation.

"That Gideon," she commented, "he sho' cooked you up a mess of trouble."

Mr. Slappey said "Hmmmph!"

SIS CALLIE made an announcement: "Gemmum waitin' downstairs to make talk with you."

"Who 'tis?"

"He says his name is Mistuh Martingale B. Tift, an' he looks it. He's got a gran' big automobile an' a shoffer."

"Stranger?" asked Florian.

"Tha's the one thing he ain't nothin' else but."

Mr. Slappey placed his can of cleaning fluid in the clothes closet and untied the belt of his slightly moth-eaten lounging robe.

"Gimme time to pant myse'f, Sis Callie—an' show him up."

Five minutes later the strangers entered the room. Not alone Mr. Martingale B. Tift; but also a short, squat, exceedingly dark and unkind looking person in chauffeur's uniform who was

introduced by the highly appropriate name of Spider Watson.

Mr. Tift riveted Florian's attention for the simple reason that the stranger was just the sort of person Florian most desired to be. He—like Florian—was slender, but, unlike his host, he was tall. His lightness of complexion approached ecru and his dark blue coat, cream-colored flannel trousers and two-tone shoes presented an ensemble which was given a final touch of perfection by a shy flower which blushed from the left lapel. Mr. Martingale B. Tift carried a gold-headed cane and a near-Panama hat in his left hand, and he extended a well-manicured right to Mr. Slappey by way of introduction.

Spider Watson was also introduced, and during the interview which followed Mr. Slappey—who was more than moderately astute—gathered the idea that whereas Mr. Martingale B. Tift was handsome and impressive, Mr. Watson, for all his forbidding manner and squat physique, possessed the real brain.

At first Mr. Tift gave himself over to observation of the social amenities. He chatted amiably with Mr. Slappey and gave voice to delicate compliments: To wit, that he and Spider were strangers in Birmingham and that from the moment of their arrival they had been informed that Florian Slappey was the outstanding figure in the social life of the colored community. They could see for themselves that he was debonair and polished and a perfect gent. They desired his friendship and even—under certain circumstances—his assistance. "In fact," observed Mr. Martingale B. Tift, "us craves to leave you make a heap of money."

NOW it so happened that Mr. Slappey had for some months been afflicted with a condition of financial decrepitude which threatened to become chronic. His credit had been stretched beyond the breaking point, his meals had been infrequent and—for the most part—unsatisfying. Furthermore, he was quick to see that these gentlemen were cosmopolites and destined to become socially prominent in Birmingham's best colored circles, and he remembered that he was sadly in need of help in restoring himself to a position of unimpeachable leadership. So he declared that he was keenly interested in anything which promised proper remuneration, provided, of course, that it was honest and that it did not exact too great a tribute of labor.

Mr. Martingale B. Tift smiled sweetly. He said, "Ain't nahdly nothin' to do, Brother Slappey—'cept spend the profits."

Florian stated that this was downright intriguing and asked why he should be selected for so delectable a job.

"'Cause us is strangers in Bumminham," stated Mr. Tift with disarming candor. "We don't know nobody, so we got to have a disociate who

knows just what to do. An' you, Brother Slappey—is he."

"Hmm! What you-all two plannin'?"

Mr. Tift lowered his voice confidentially so that even Sis Callie—who was listening at the keyhole—could not hear.

"We is gwine run a lott'ry."

Florian's hopes sank. "Not in Bumminham, you ain't."

"How come not?"

"The Law don't 'low it. They even been makin' trouble fo' the numbers game. So you see—"

"Brother Slappey, you s'prise me. Seems like you ought to of sized us up sufficient to know we got this all worked out."

YOU mean you schum a scheme which gits aroun' the law?"

"Tha's the most thing we has done."

Florian hitched his chair forward. "Splain it to me, Brother—an' splain tho'ough, 'cause what I is in this thing is intrusted."

"A'right. Now gimme ear." Mr. Tift lighted a fragrant gold-banded cigar and presented its mate to Mr. Slappey. He spoke with passionate enthusiasm. "Fust of all, Brother Slappey, we git us a good lawyer—"

"Evans Chew," interrupted Florian. "He's smart."

"—An' we disorganize the Cash Money Realty Corporation—Florian Slappey, president."

Mr. Slappey said "Hot ziggity damn!"

"So's to incorporate, we git a dummy secretary an' treasurer an' a dummy vice-president. Also they got to be Bumminham folks. An' then us buys a piece of land fo' one hund'ed dollars."

"What kind of land?"

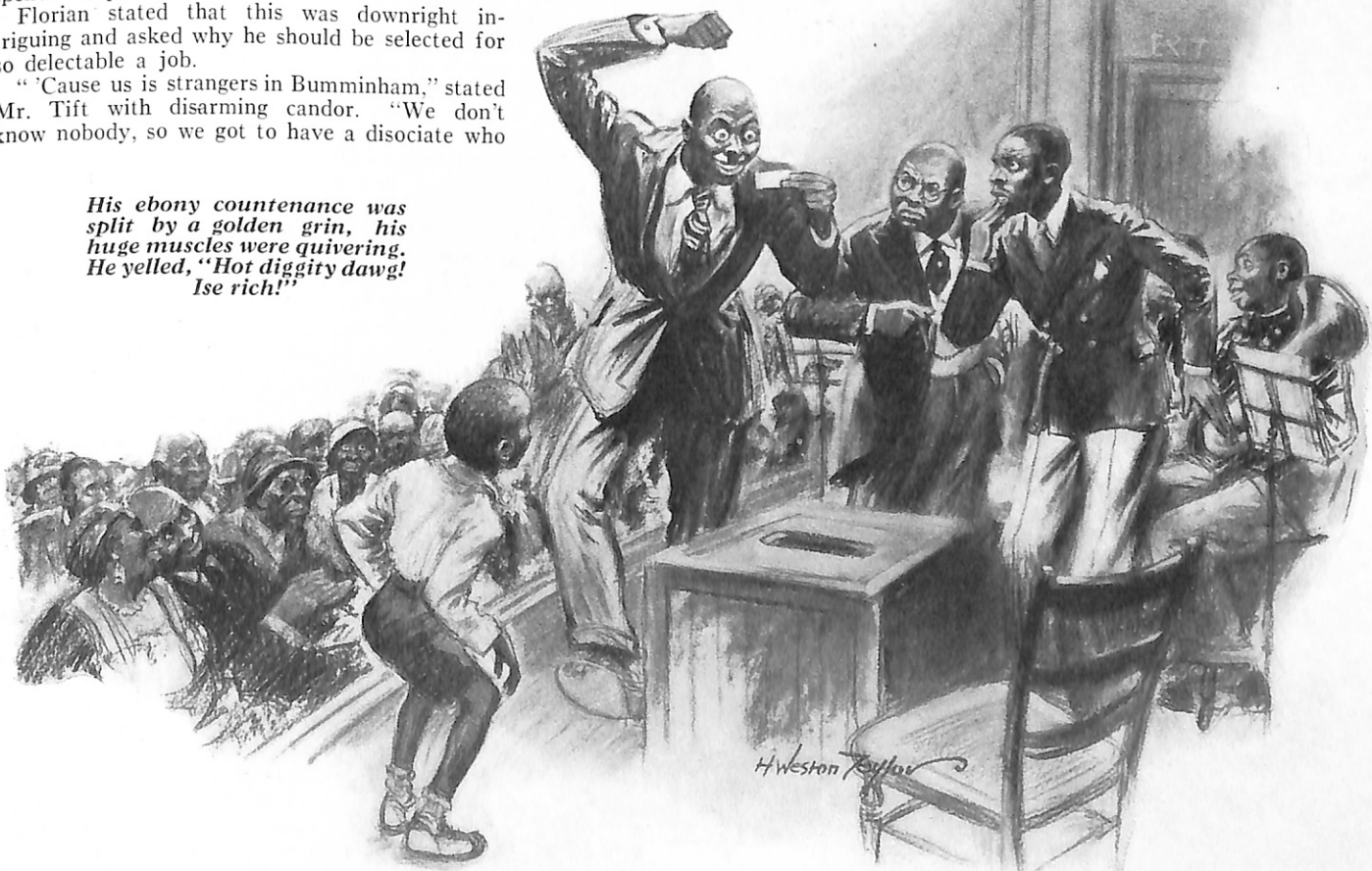
"Any kind. It don't matter what."

Florian appeared bewildered and Spider Watson interposed one of his infrequent comments. He said, in a rather harsh and rasping voice: "Tha's just a front, Mistuh Slappey. It gits aroun' the lott'ry laws."

Martingale B. Tift continued. "Us buys this piece of land fo' one hund'ed dollars. An' then we raffle it off at one dollar a ticket."

"Ain't nobody gwine pay a dollar fo' a chance on that kind of land."

His ebony countenance was split by a golden grin, his huge muscles were quivering. He yelled, "Hot diggity dawg! Ise rich!"



"Oh yes, they is. On account of why? Now listen: They's gwine buy them tickets 'cause they is each gwine carry a 'gree-ment that the Cash Money Realty Corporation will buy that piece of land back off the winner fo' two thousan' dollars!"

Mr. Tift paused for effect. Florian was spellbound.

"Two thousan' . . . Sufferin' chitlin's!"

"It's a cinch," enthused Mr. Tift. "We's boun' to sell mo' tickets than that on account the prize is cash money; we don't git into no trouble with the law, an' ev'ything we git over the two thousan' dollars, why us splits th'ee ways. Git it?"

"Feller, I got it!" Mr. Slappey closed his eyes in brief, ecstatic contemplation of the scheme. His admiration for the conspirators was vast . . . and he felt that the plan was not only honest but thoroughly commendable. "An' Ise gwine be president?"

"Uh-huh. Me an' Spider—we is just gwine ack in a 'visory capacity on account it makes folks s'picious when strangers try to do somethin' like that. An' the sooner we git started . . ."

"Tha's gwine be immedjit," snapped Florian. His enthusiasm was mounting. "Golla! Ain't no tellin' how much us is gwine make!"

IN Martingale B. Tift's shiny new car, with the uniformed Mr. Watson at the wheel, the three gentlemen repaired to the offices of Lawyer Evans Chew in the Penny Prudential Bank Building. They vouchsafed no information to that erudite colored attorney save the meager fact that they wished to organize a realty company of which Florian Slappey was to be president, and in which the other officers were to be dummies. Lawyer Chew orated at length on the laws of the noble and sov'ign State of Alabama, accepted a modest retainer, dismissed his clients and summoned his stenographer. Then the three gentlemen

dropped down in the elevator and went happily to Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor where—as the guest of Mr. Tift—they inhaled enormous quantities of Brunswick stew, double portions of barbecued lamb ribs and many cups of steaming coffee.

Thereupon Mr. Slappey strutted through Darktown with his new friends, serene in the knowledge that he was about to become emancipated from the stigma of the assault committed upon him the previous night by the pugnacious Gideon Chips.

BUT Florian's equanimity would have been greatly disturbed had he eavesdropped upon his new friends later that day when they went into executive session with each other in their room at Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel for Colored. Martingale B. Tift grinned evilly and said, "That Florian Slappey; he's dumb."

"Plenty," endorsed Mr. Watson. "He fell fo' it like nobody's business."

The tall man rubbed his hands together gleefully. "We got him where we want him. He does all the work, sells the tickets . . . an' on the day of the drawin', me an' you—we swipe the money off him an' depaht fum heah."

"You said it."

Mr. Tift shook his head. "Come somebody to win that two thousan' dollars an' Florian Slappey cain't pay it, he's gwine be in an awful fix."

Spider Watson was laconic. "He's gwine git massacred—tha's what."

"Uh-huh. An' he cain't say it ain't his fault on account he's gwine be president an' nobody ain't gwine know us has anythin' to do with it." Mr. Tift had a moment of sentiment. "Seems like to me, Spider—that when we run off with all Florian's money, we anyhow ought to leave a few flowers fo' his fun'ral."

The next two weeks passed swiftly and eventfully. Lawyer Chew was busy, and so was Florian. He introduced Martingale B. Tift to Birmingham colored society and the leaders of local fashion took him to their hearts.

Mr. Tift came in for all the good things: parties at which he was guest of honor, banquets at which he proved himself a noble trencherman, dances where he performed the intricate steps of the Shim-Sham-Shimmy, the Lindy Hop and the Carioca with confidence and abandon. Furthermore, Mr. Tift was elected a member of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise and The Over The River Burying Society, although he considered membership in the latter organization highly superfluous since he held no immediate ambitions to become extinct.

During all this time Florian sedulously avoided contact with Mr. Gideon Chips. He had not forgotten his vows of vengeance against that large and powerful person, but he was content to let well enough alone. After all, Gideon's place was outside Florian's orbit, and Mr. Slappey desired that he remain there.

The Cash Money Realty Corporation was launched amidst considerable fanfare of trumpets. Mr. Slappey made a brief speech and distributed leaflets setting forth the purpose and aims of the company. These leaflets, among other things, pledged the company to repurchase the land from the holder of the winning ticket for two thousand dollars and each leaflet was signed "FLORIAN SLAPPEY—President."

Certain of Mr. Slappey's friends asked questions:

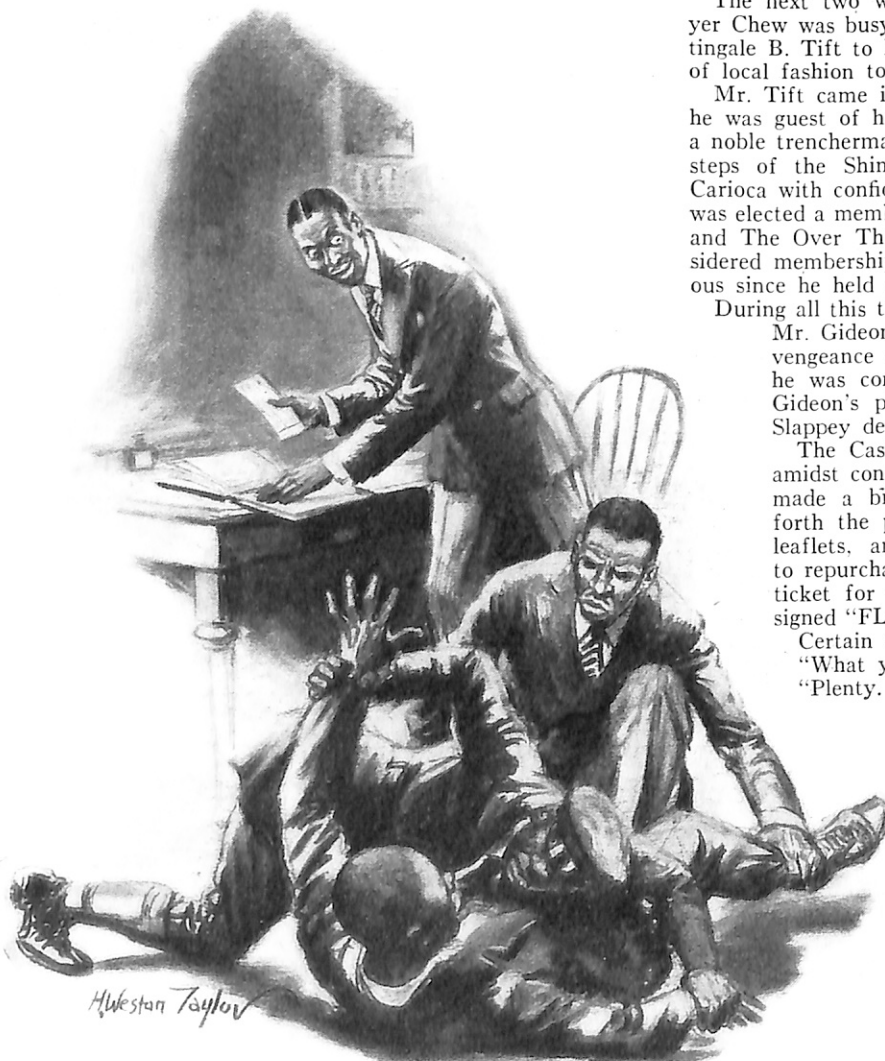
"What you gwine git out of it, Florian?"

"Plenty. Ise gwine sell mo'n two thousan' tickets, an' tha's profit."

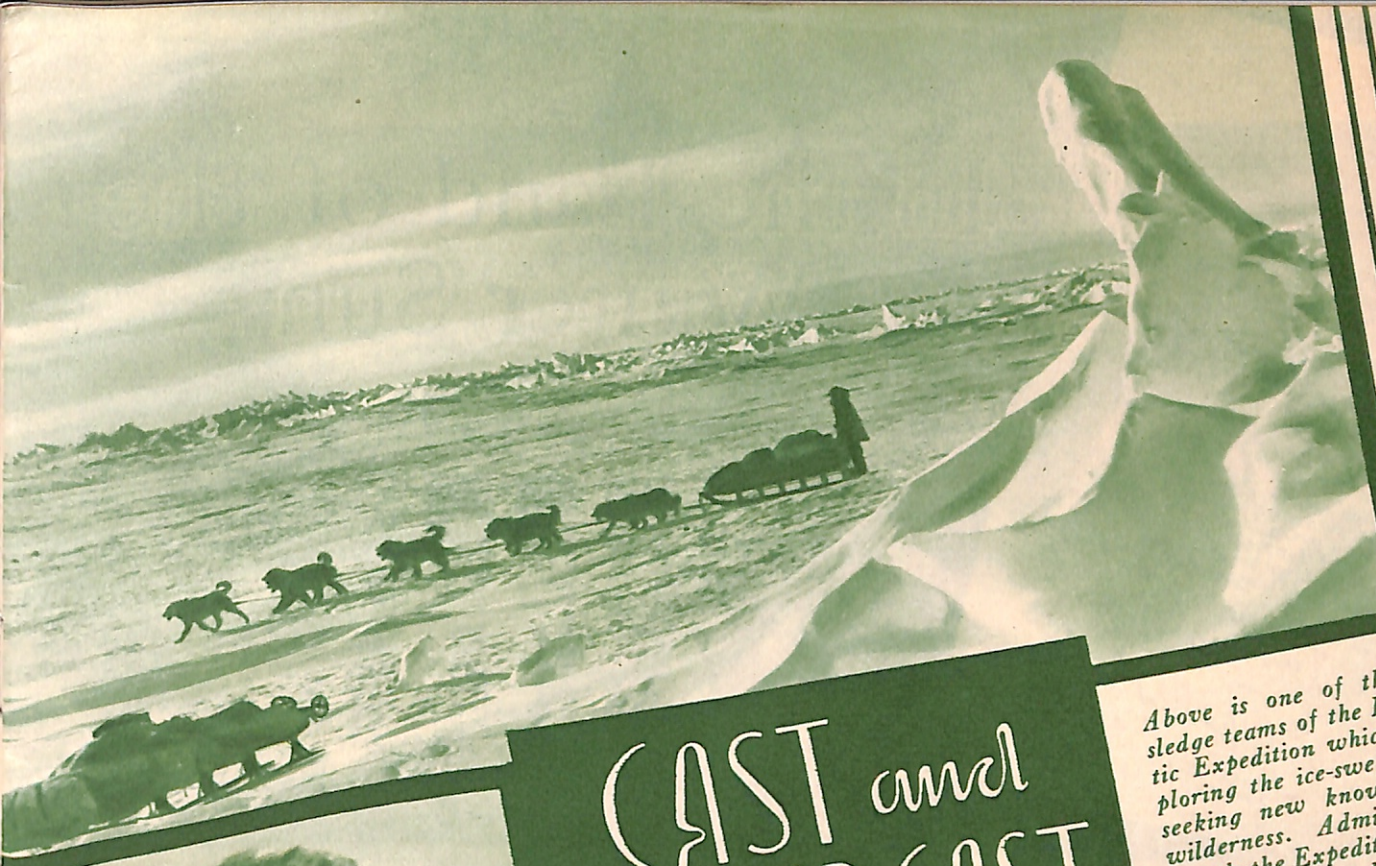
"S'posin' you don't?"

Mr. Slappey made a disgustful gesture. "Puttin' bad mouf on things, ain't you? Well, listen heah: Doesn't I sell that many tickets, the winner gits two thousan' cash money dollars just the same."

And so Mr. Slappey assumed full responsibility—(Continued on page 37)



Mr. Slappey had other ideas. He fiddled while the fighters burned. Easing toward the table he slipped the real check between the pages of his book



CAST and BROADCAST

By Phillips Coles

Above is one of the five dog-sledge teams of the Byrd Antarctic Expedition which is now exploring the ice-swept Antarctica, seeking new knowledge of the wilderness. Admiral Byrd commands the Expedition and himself dashes about in hazardous plane flights over the bleak landscape. Reports of the Expedition's activities are heard over WABC each Wednesday evening in programs that emanate both from Little America and New York



Roy Lee Jackson

Ed Wynn, left, in his third year of firechiefing for NBC, is still giggling at Graham McNamee every Tuesday evening at 9:30 (EST), but his comic operas are no more. Instead the chief comments on the "news"

Below is a star of one of Radio's most popular dramatic programs —Marge, of CBS's "Myrt and Marge." Avid followers of the series, which is said to be based on Myrt's life in the theater, will find it more than comforting to know that Marge is as attractive to the eye as to the ear

Burgess Meredith, above, is a young star of the legitimate stage who made a pronounced success on Broadway. This season he is heard over the air playing the title rôle in the "Red Davis" dramatizations of American family life broadcast three nights a week over NBC. An inevitable development of radio's progress is the use of trained actors to broadcast dramatic programs



STATE OF FLORIDA
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT
TALLAHASSEE

October 15th
1934

To my Brother Elks -

It gives me great pleasure as Chief Executive of the State of Florida to extend to my Brother Elks and their families a most cordial invitation to visit our State during the coming winter season.

With best wishes,

Very sincerely,

David Sholtz
David Sholtz
Governor of Florida

DS-6m

In the Land of the Winter Sun

Left: Coral Gables is one of the State's most popular resorts. Many famous matches have been played on the sporty golf course there. Whether you are a beginner or a veteran, you will experience numerous new thrills when you first play golf in Florida. The semi-tropical settings will awe you by their luxuriance and beauty, and the hard, sandy greens will remind you of playing on a billiard table.

Below: Tampa is another Florida City where golf is among the major attractions. There are a number of splendid courses. Tampa is also the leading commercial and industrial metropolis of the Southwest Coast. In addition to its huge cigar manufacturing activities it serves as the distributing point for millions of dollars' worth of live-stock, dairy, poultry, fruit and many similar agricultural products.

Tallahassee's historic Capitol Building typifies the spirit of true Southern hospitality. Its spacious grounds are studded with century-old trees. At left (in insert) is a cordial invitation to all Elks from Governor David Sholtz, Vice-Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees of the Grand Lodge, to visit Florida this winter. The warmest of welcomes awaits you.



Above: The Roney-Plaza Hotel at Miami Beach is internationally known for its elaborate bathing facilities. Its Cabana Club offers both pool (salt water) and ocean swimming. Every comfort is provided for followers of the sun-tan cult. Even the climate is salubrious.

Left: If you are a horse-shoe pitcher do not overlook St. Petersburg—"The Sunshine City"—for it has long been known as Florida headquarters for this ancient and popular recreation. The weather bureau records there show an average of but six sunless days each year.

Go South, Young Man!

*Florida Looms Up as the State that Will
Lead Us Out of the Doldrums*

by Steve Hannagan

FLORIDA time has come again. It's that season of the year. There is a stinging chill in the air these days. Summer's tan has faded to a sullen white, tintured now and then with the momentary red flush of out of doors. Everywhere you go—especially if you live east of the Mississippi River—people are "wishing they could go to Florida" or telling you of their plans for a winter journey and asking you about yours.

Of course, every time you mention Florida—if it is favorably—somebody reaches all the way across the country from California and taps you on the chin. But if you aren't a professional Californian you'll have to agree that to a frost-bitten Northerner a winter resort means a place where you can go swimming in the open most every day of the cold months vacation—and that means Florida. And if you aren't a professional Floridian and if you've made any semblance of a study of these two important states, you'll readily agree that Florida has much to learn from California in the matter of cooperation and organization within its boundaries—and the sooner Florida does the more quickly prosperity will return to it.

Florida—with its ancient St. Augustine—is old as time flies. But it is young and unsophisticated as the airplane rushes. And California has been riding the wings

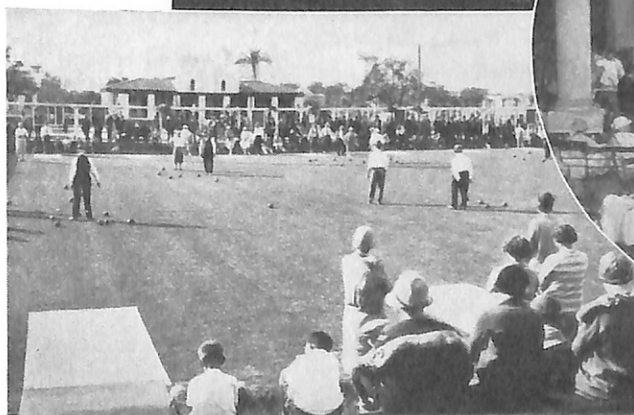
of community cooperation to big successes for many years. But Florida is slowly learning.

Most everybody thinks of Florida as a resort state alone. Yet it is indeed more than that. It is rich in agriculture. It supplies sunshine in the form of fruits and vegetables to many thousands who cannot bask their respective backs in its

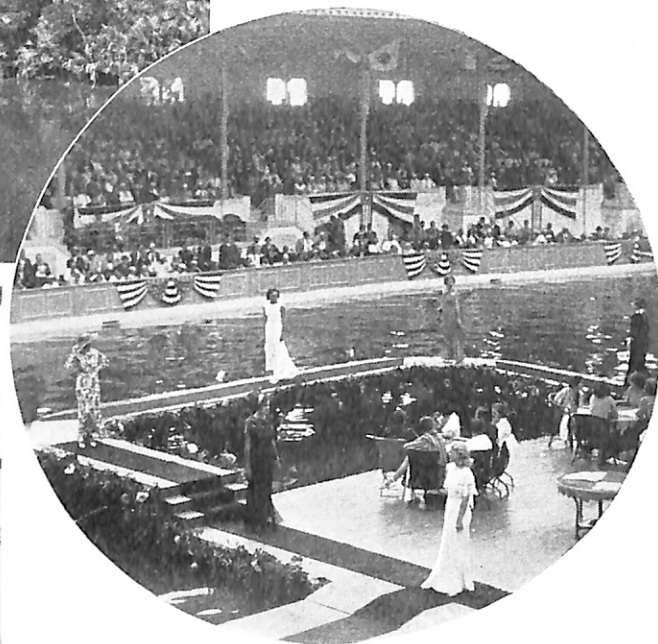
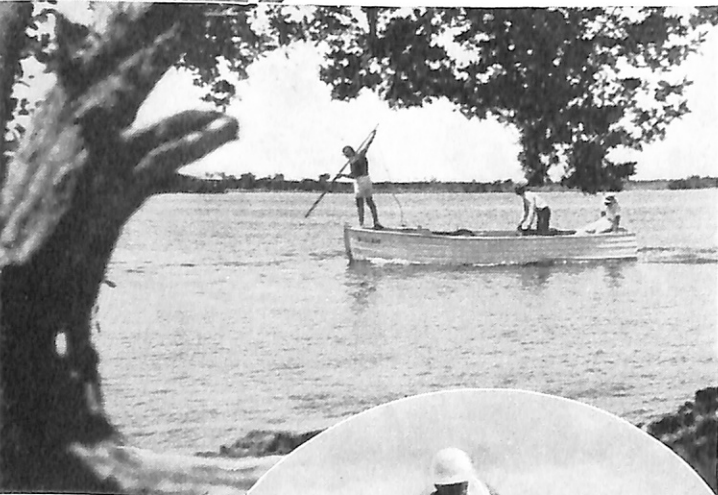
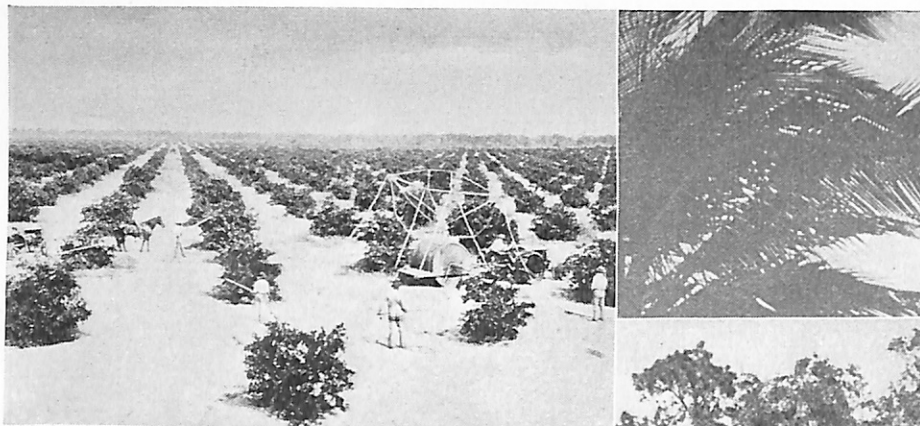
winter rays. It is, however, more glamorous to think of Florida as a winter resort. Immediately this conjures rotogravure pictures of girls on the beach, of people swimming, horse racing, dog racing, tennis, fishing, flannels, flimsy dresses, coats of tan—and all of this as you sit in your living room annoyed by the banging of a radiator.



(Left) The inviting beach of the Miami-Biltmore Hotel pool. (In circle below) Outdoor dancing on the terrace at the Miami-Biltmore. (Below at left) Bowling on the green is a popular sport at Lakeland



Photographs by Nesmith, International and Acme



Since 1929—since throwing away all the accredited books on economics and going back to fortune telling and other less theatrical guessing as a means of peering into the future—many have looked upon Florida and its winter season as the real barometer of the business world. This has worked out well in the past. And since the signs are good, may we hope that it works in the future—yes, the immediate future.

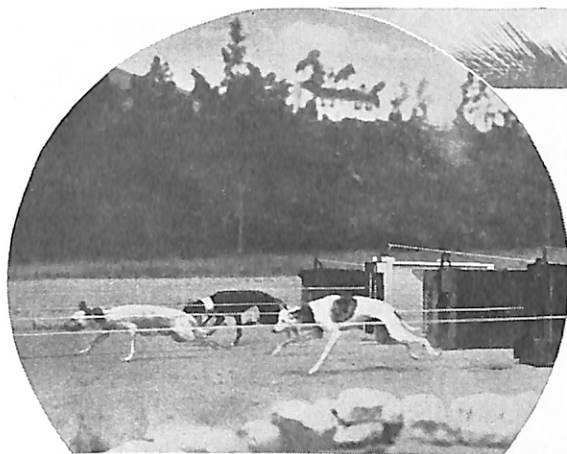
Florida whirled into the madcap ascendancy of stratosphere financing long before every cross roads grocery clerk had an account with a Wall Street brokerage firm. It was Florida that wrote the handwriting of big dollar signs which pointed the way to a nation's disastrous future. But men who had made no investments in Florida, and who laughed at the burst of the boom there in 1925, had tin boxes of "securities" blow up in their faces in 1929. The explosion of land values in Florida was only a warning, however, of the eco-

(From top to bottom) *Spraying orange trees in one of the many citrus groves near Orlando. The Anclote River, the beauty of which attracts thousands of St. Petersburg's visitors. Harpooning in the shoals off the Key Largo Anglers' Club. A shot taken during a polo match in Florida. (In circle above) Well-attended fashion show on the edge of the Miami-Biltmore pool*

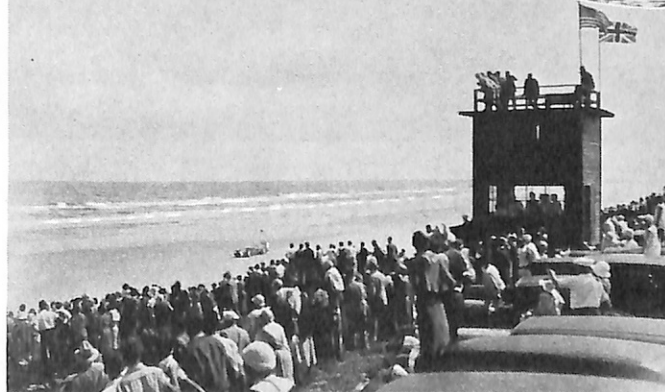
nomic disaster that followed in the wake of the hurricane, just as 1929 had its persistent echoes throughout the country.

With faith and courageous heart Florida went back to work after the real estate depression and in the wake of the big winds. Smilingly these Floridians worked. "We have the biggest and best everything, down here," they used to say. "The best sun, the finest climate, the biggest crashes and the most terrific winds." Each year building went on. New crowds came to the throne room of the summer sun on winter vacation. There was sound building on fundamental foundations. Slower, but more consistent than in other days.

Florida was on firmer footing than ever before in 1929, when the rest of the country blackened with the gloom of financial tragedy. In Florida things were



(From left to right, starting at top) Whippets on their lightning-like way in a Florida dog race. Moonrise from the shore of picturesque Biscayne Bay. A sailfish just landed after a fierce struggle off the Florida coast. A touch of Venice on Biscayne Bay in the moonlight. A view of Sir Malcolm Campbell's Bluebird II tearing along the sands of Daytona Beach in 1933 at more than 270 miles an hour



in good order—for the most part. The "get rich on nothing" ideas had all been dry cleaned and altered. The people there were on their way up. The resort business did not falter in 1929, nor even in '30. It was not until the season of '31-32 that the nationwide depression affected seriously the Florida resort seasons in Miami Beach, which is the bell-wether in the resort Florida we know today.

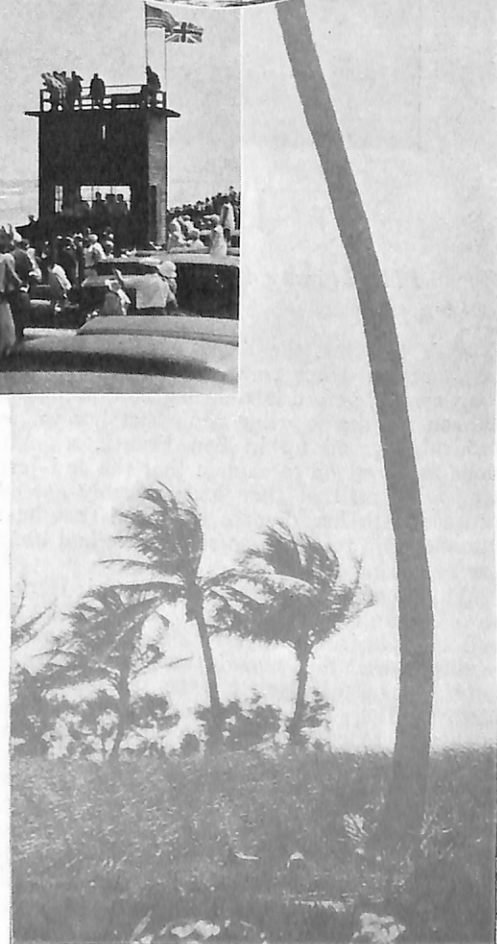
Then, last year, Florida had its biggest season in history. Never—even during the boom era—had there been so many people. And there were at least fifty per cent. more places to live in last season than there had been during the boom.

This year again throughout Florida they are preparing for an even greater season than last year. So if "as Maine goes so goes the nation" is true as a political legend, I hope that "as Florida goes, so goes the rest of the land" may become a fact economically. In any event it will do for me until the professors rewrite the books on economics.

High life in Florida—the days and nights one sees in the news reels, news pictures, and in the social and sports

columns—centers in Miami Beach, Palm Beach and Miami. Here joy reigns unconfined, unrestrained and sometimes even unrefined. But it represents a typical cross-section of a nation that travels. Prices are as high as you will pay, and almost as low as the most economical tourist would want. Naturally the accommodations befit the tariff. But the same sun shines for all.

It isn't that Florida is at its best in the sharply defined "season" which starts right after the Christmas holidays and ends before the shamrocks of St. Patrick's Day have withered. Those who have had a chance to observe the State in the late fall months, and also in April and May, (Continued on page 44)





by Jack O'Donnell

Illustrated by Ralph Pallen Coleman

At Your

BY the time the Kings were ushered in Mrs. Easter had regained her composure. Jerry couldn't help admiring the way she, before introducing him, prepared Daniel King and his son for the startling news that her wayward husband had suddenly turned up in San Francisco. After the introductions she went on to explain that she and Jerry had had a nice long talk and that they had amicably agreed that she should proceed with her divorce suit, and that he should go on his intended trip to China as soon as he had had a short visit with her and Mary.

While cocktails were being served Jerry wormed his way straight into old Daniel King's heart. The veteran shipping man had been hearing of Jerry off and on for fifteen years and admitted that he envied the adventurous, carefree life the latter had been living. He was pleased to learn that Jerry was Mary's father, feeling that the daughter of such a man had the quality of blood he would be glad to have in the King family.

Jerry and Roger King, however, were at odds from the moment they were introduced. His long and close association with men had sharpened Jerry's judgment of human nature and he immediately saw in young King a vain, weak and somewhat vicious young man, far from a fit mate for the lovely Mary.

Young King was quick to see that he had made a bad impression on his future father-in-law. Several times in that first

half hour he felt himself being carefully appraised by Jerry's keen eyes. He resented this new danger to his matrimonial plans and an unreasoning hatred for Jerry took root in his heart.

The dinner, however, was a merry and spirited affair in spite of the undercurrents of suspicion, resentment and anxiety that coursed through the minds of Mrs. Easter and Roger King.

Jerry was in excellent form. He kept Mary and Daniel King amazed and amused with tales of adventure in revolutionary countries. Mary was secretly proud of her father long before the meal had ended.

After dinner, while Jerry and Daniel King lingered over their cigars, the old shipping man grew expansive and confidential.

"I'm glad these youngsters are gettin' spliced," he confided with the directness of a sailor, from whose ranks he was a graduate. "Roger has been pretty wild in his day. Time he was settlin' down. I aim to make him a partner th' day he marries your daughter. I'm purty old to carry the whole cargo."

"I hope he'll be a lot of help," said Jerry noncommittally.

"Oh, he'll be all right soon's he gets his bearin's!"

Jerry wasn't so sure about that, but he offered no further comment.

Before the Kings left that night Daniel King found an opportunity to tell Mrs. Easter how highly he regarded her husband.



He chatted
with the trio
until Roger
rose to go,
then he said,
"I'll ride a
little way with
you, Roger,
and walk
back"

Service

Conclusion of this Stirring Two-Part Story

"I think you're makin' a mistake divorcin' a man like him," he said. "Mebbe he's through with his gallivantin' an' ready to settle down. Why don't you give him a chance to show how he feels? 'Course, I'm ol'fashioned, but I don't go much on this divorce business and it's goin' to make it just so much harder for Mary allus explainin' her mother divorced her dad."

Thinking of this after the Kings left, Mrs. Easter realized the impossibility of ever denying that she was Jerry's wife. Why had she permitted herself to be placed in such a situation?

Jerry sent for his luggage the following morning and installed himself in a room which Mary made comfortable for him. The girl's resentment against her father had melted completely the night before, and she enjoyed spending all her spare moments with him, listening to his lively and witty stories. Not realizing the antagonism that had sprung up between him and Roger, she invited Jerry to accompany them to the theatre that night. Jerry pleaded that he had many letters to write and would spend the evening at home. Mrs. Easter, however, gladly consented to go in his place. She had no desire to spend a whole evening alone with Jerry.

Alone for the first time since he had come to the Easter home, Jerry sat down to think over the events of the last twenty-four hours. He questioned his right to come into this house and force his will upon the woman who had named him as her husband. True, he had given his word that he would come

here and offer to take care of his "wife and child," but when that offer had been turned down by Mrs. Easter, wasn't it his cue to make a graceful exit?

"I probably would have done that very thing," Jerry mused, "if I hadn't met that girl first. What eyes! What hair! What an altogether charming girl!"

He confessed to himself that the real reason he was acting the way he was, was because of his selfish interest in Mary. He suspected that the girl's mother was rushing the girl into this alliance with young King. Experienced woman of the world that she was, she must realize that Roger King was not the sort who would make her daughter happy. But he understood her motive: She desired to feather her own nest—to provide against the future. He wondered just how Mary felt toward Roger. Nothing she had said or done the night before indicated she was a victim of that ecstasy of spirit generally evidenced by young girls in love.

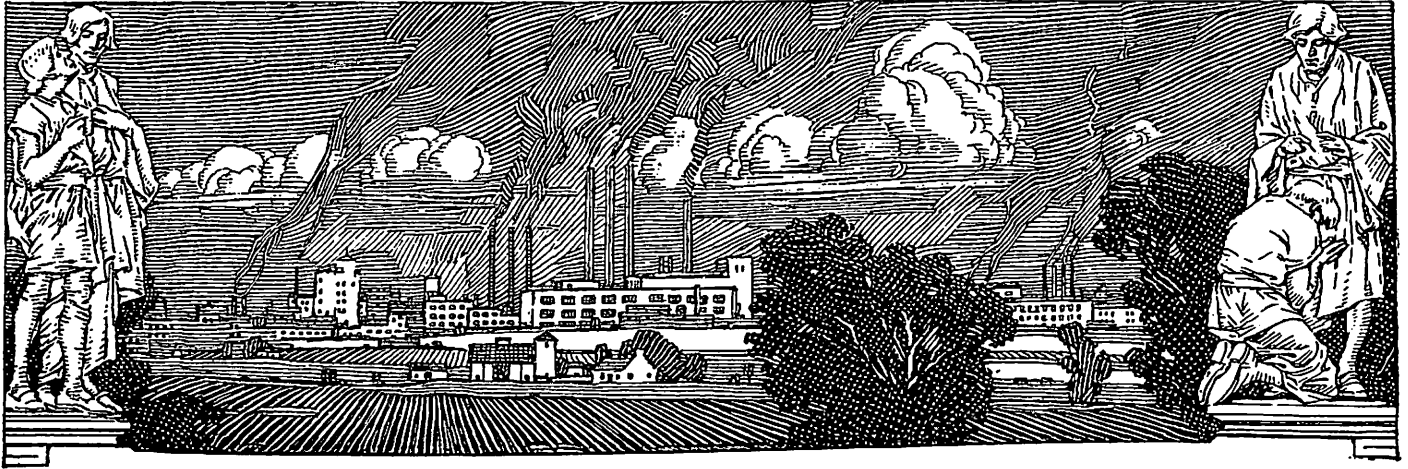
His thoughts were interrupted by the ringing of the doorbell. He waited, expecting the maid to answer the bell, but when it rang, impatiently, a second time, he remembered that Mrs. Easter had told the maid she might have the evening off.

"Is Mrs. Easter or her daughter in?" asked a woman who stood in the shadows of the porch when Jerry opened the door.

"No, they're both out."

"Who are you, may I ask?"

(Continued on page 48)



EDITORIAL

LET'S NOT LOSE IT

FROM the earliest days of the Order's history, the subordinate Lodges have made a special nation-wide event of their provisions for the poor and needy of their communities at Christmas. It has been an exceptional case among them when bountiful baskets have not been distributed, or a Christmas tree has not been provided for under-privileged children, or some other form of helpful beneficence has not been undertaken, in fitting tribute to the Feast of Universal Good Will.

Only those who have been personally active in these charitable enterprises can know how such experiences deepen and soften the nobler sentiments and stir the impulses to other deeds of kindness. And these, in turn, are naturally reflected, in a spreading circle, in the more generous observance of the season by others.

So many Elks are engaged each year in some connection with these fraternal activities, that the splendid Christmas spirit which is encouraged and stimulated by them becomes all pervasive throughout the Order's membership. And that spirit is too fine, too wholesome and uplifting, to be lost or to be permitted to flag.

Christmas is again approaching. Unhappily there are many more thousands than usual to whom the Order's material helpfulness will mean much, not only in physical comfort but in the realization that they are being carried in the kindly thoughts of their more fortunate fellowmen. The charitable need is greater, perhaps, than ever before. It should be met by a greater generosity.

It is true that many of the Lodges are struggling with unusual burdens and problems of their own, which are born of the same conditions which have increased the humanitarian demands upon all service agencies. But even the most burdened can do something worth while. And this is no time to falter in those seasonal charities which have so distinguished our Order through the years.

Not only should special efforts be made this year to carry on this fine service because of the great need

which is so general; but also because of what it means to Elks themselves. The Elk Christmas Spirit is a splendid fraternal tradition. Let's not lose it.

FRATERNITY HAS PLAYED ITS PART

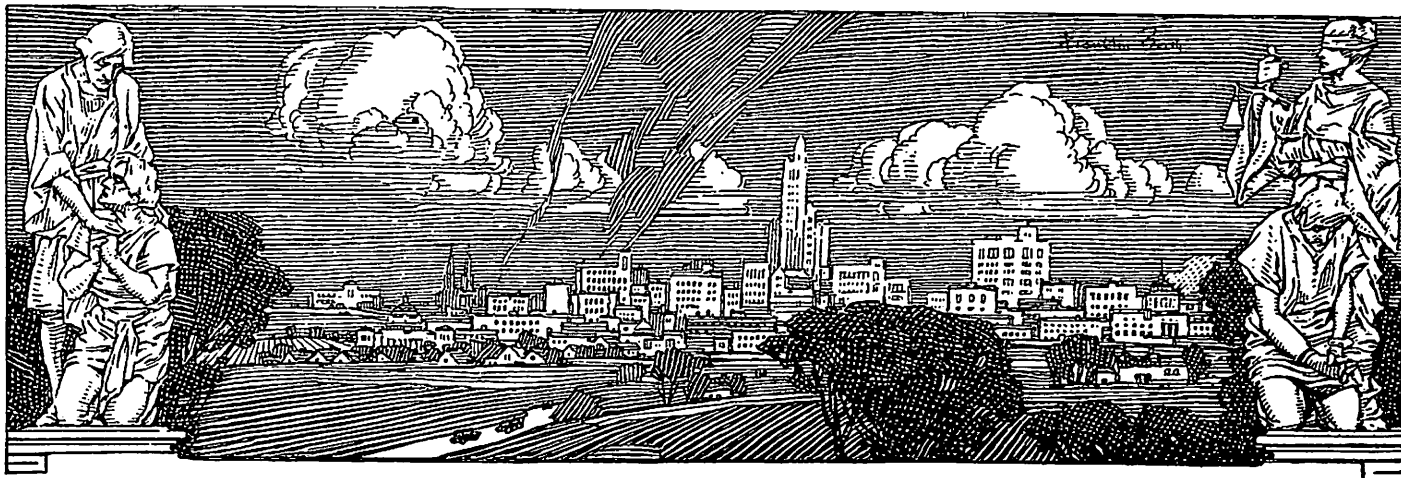
IN an extended editorial recently published in one of the country's most widely read weeklies, appreciative comment was made on the growth and development in America of what it termed the "social conscience," and on the fact that today, as never before, men are realizing their obligations to their fellows and are discharging those obligations with greater generosity.

The most casual student of our history will confirm the asserted fact. The creation of great foundations for scientific research for the betterment of humanity; the establishment of hospitals and free clinics; the endowment of educational institutions; the building of public libraries; the maintenance of art museums; the dedication of public parks and playgrounds; these and many other similar deeds of beneficence have come to be expected incidents in the distribution of substantial estates. It is quite naturally a subject of comment when one of large means fails to devote some portion of his accumulated wealth to the public welfare.

These great benefactions are demonstrative evidences of that expanding social conscience with which men of wealth today generally regard their human relationships. And the same proof is to be found, less strikingly displayed but none the less conclusive, as to those of more limited opportunities, in their numberless acts of social service. Humanity has become more humane.

There have been many factors which have contributed to this result: and it would, perhaps, be invidious to suggest comparisons. But it may be very justly claimed that organized fraternity has played a tremendously important part.

All such organizations have consistently taught, and inspired the practical exemplification of, the universal



brotherhood of man. And they have done this in a peculiarly effective way, through the fraternal activities of their members, which have reached into the hearts and lives of countless thousands, imbuing them with a higher consciousness of the duty man owes to man by mere virtue of his membership in the great human family.

Like a mighty leaven this particular influence has been steadily at work, not ostentatiously but effectively, contributing to the wider acceptance of its benevolent doctrines. While no claim can be made that the ideal has been achieved, yet one may contemplate with deep satisfaction what has been accomplished. And every fraternalist must feel pride in the part which fraternity has played and is playing in the development of this enlarged social conscience.

LIFE BEGINS AT ———?

IN recent months much has been said and written about the time at which "life begins." Biographical sketches, comedies, and special articles have played upon the theme with more or less humor. But in all seriousness, and in the larger meaning of the term, it is a most important question in the life of every individual.

Physically life begins at a time fixed by biological facts, from which moment it is recognized and protected by law. But in those aspects which involve the conscious enjoyment of life's fullest experiences, there is no definite age at which it may be said to open up for such enjoyment. It only depends upon one's own spirit and purpose.

If one, at any stage of his maturity, will but determine that he will face the world with courage and a high heart, resolved to fight for the happiness and the compensations for which he may rightfully strive—from that moment a new life begins in all its promise; and it begins afresh with every new day that such undaunted spirit is maintained, or is itself newly born.

It is not a matter of age as counted by birthdays. It is not a question of how many or how few the years that may seemingly lie ahead. That is on the laps of the Gods. It is merely a matter of sustained mental and spiritual attitude. The years vouchsafed in fact may be few; success may not come as the world accounts it;

sorrows may multiply in place of the happiness sought. But so long as a gallant fight is made, the fight itself, and the joyous satisfaction in the consciousness that one does his best, constitute what may justly be termed real living.

If this were not true, human life would lose much of its meaning and promise. It would invite those who might regard themselves as failures at some arbitrarily fixed age, to cease to hope or to strive; and then real life would also cease and develop into mere existence.

Paradoxical as it may sound, it is never too late in life to begin.

BUDGETS

THE word budget is an old one, of course. But in the last year or two conditions have brought it into much more general use. The marked curtailment of practically all incomes has necessitated the more careful consideration of expenditures, in order to prevent disastrous indebtedness. This naturally involves wise budgeting by many who have not previously been much concerned with such a business precaution.

In recognition of the wisdom of such practice, the Grand Lodge Statutes require the Trustees, or Special Budget Committee, of each subordinate Lodge to present, at the first regular meeting in June of each year, a segregated budget, setting forth the estimated receipts from all sources and the proposed expenditures available therefrom. When such budget has been adopted, it may not be disregarded except by a two-thirds vote at a regular meeting.

A number of the Lodges are now facing debts, due to the Grand Lodge or to general creditors, which have accrued through failure to obey these statutory requirements. This condition should be corrected as speedily as possible. And it can be done only by a careful revision of budgets, by which such debts are given preferential place as obligations over all expenditures other than those absolutely essential to the economical administration of the Lodge's required functions.

This is not only a matter of good business but of common honesty; and it should be given prompt attention by every subordinate Lodge of the Order.

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order



The officers of Newton, Mass., Lodge, who were recently presented with the National Ritualistic Trophy won by them in Kansas City last July at the Grand Lodge Reunion. Newton Lodge also won the Trophy the previous year at the Grand Lodge Convention in Milwaukee

Bachrach

Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge Mourns P.D.D. Frank B. Baptist

Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge, No. 335, was deeply shocked by the recent death of P.D.D. Frank B. Baptist, P.E.R. and a Grand Lodge Member, who was suddenly stricken and passed away a short time after the first signs of illness.

Mr. Baptist had been a member of the Order for thirty-six years. He was initiated as a member of Fort Smith, Ark., Lodge, No. 341, but later transferred his residence to Phoenix, and there became affiliated with No. 335. He was widely known throughout the State of Arizona, having traveled extensively. He numbered among his friends most of the State's leaders in business, civic, fraternal and social circles. By his death Phoenix Lodge feels its loss to be a most severe one.

Mr. Baptist not only took an active part in the affairs of his Lodge, but was also actively identified with the Grand Lodge, and was Past Pres. of the Arizona Elks Association. He served as District Deputy for Arizona North, and more recently as Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials. This latter capacity he held at the Milwaukee Grand Lodge Convention in 1933.

The funeral services for Mr. Baptist were held in Phoenix with Past Exalted Rulers of Phoenix Lodge acting as pall-bearers and conducting the Elks Service at the grave.

John W. Wagner, Secretary

Coeur d'Alene, Ida., Lodge Presents Pro-America Programs

Over 3,000 school children were present at 18 "Old Ironsides" Pro-Americanism programs, conducted by Coeur d'Alene, Ida., Lodge, No. 1254, in the schools of Kootenai County, Idaho. Each program was prepared and presented by the school children themselves with the exception of the presentation and Americanism talk given by a member of the Lodge.

Pictures of "Old Ironsides" were procured through the courtesy of Congressman Compton I. White. They were framed, and a plaque with the following inscription was placed on each picture: "Presented September 14, 1934, Coeur d'Alene Lodge, B.P.O. Elks, No. 1254." The date, September 14, was used because the Lodge was instituted on that date in 1911. The pictures were presented by the Lodge to 10 high schools of the county, 7 grade schools, and to Coeur d'Alene Junior College.

The programs were run simultaneously

and the schools and speakers who presented the pictures are listed below:

Bryan School (grade), Coeur d'Alene, Henry Dewald
Central School (grade), Coeur d'Alene, H. P. Glindeman
Harding School (grade), Coeur d'Alene, Jack Hamilton
Roosevelt School (grade), Coeur d'Alene, E. T. Powell
Sherman School (grade), Coeur d'Alene, Oscar W. Nelson
Winton School (grade), Coeur d'Alene, J. V. Hawkins
Academy of I.H.M. (grade and high), Coeur d'Alene, J. V. Hawkins
Coeur d'Alene Junior High School, R. H. Elder
Coeur d'Alene High School, E. V. Boughton
Rose Lake High School, M. A. Brakemeyer
Harrison High School, M. A. Brakemeyer
Post Falls High School, Wm. S. Hawkins
Hayden Lake High School, A. L. DePuy
Athol High School, J. Roy Giles
Spirit Lake High School, J. Roy Giles
Rathdrum High School, Wm. S. Hawkins
Worley High School, W. B. McFarland
Coeur d'Alene Junior College, A. Grantham

The program as presented was enthusiastically received by all the school children; it received favorable press comment and the support of the general public as well as the members of the Elk Lodge.

Danbury, Conn., Elks Mourn Prominent Fellow-Member

The recent death of P.E.R. John A. Rooney, of Danbury, Conn., Lodge, No. 120, has cast a pall over the membership which loved and admired him deeply and feels keenly the void left by his passing. Mr. Rooney was killed and his wife severely injured in one of the most tragic highway accidents of the season. Crossing the street before the Home of the Lodge, they were struck by an automobile. Mr. Rooney dying almost instantaneously. Mrs. Rooney was taken to the Danbury Hospital where she remained until the next day, when she was able to return home, although suffering from bruises and shock. The fatality occurred as Mr. and Mrs. Rooney were on their way to the Lodge Home to attend an "old time" social session.

Mr. Rooney, one of Danbury's best known men, was a most active member of Danbury Lodge, especially in its charitable work, and seldom failed to attend a meeting. He was initiated into the Order in November, 1913, and elected Exalted Ruler in 1926. In 1928 he became a member of the Board of Trustees for a five-year term, and in 1933 was re-elected for another five-year term.

He served as Secy.-Treas. of the Board

for a number of years, was the Lodge's representative at the Grand Lodge Convention in Cincinnati in 1927, and was assistant to the Grand Tiler at the Los Angeles Convention in 1929. Mr. Rooney was Sergeant-at-Arms of the Conn. State Elks Assn. in 1930.

Omaha, Neb., Lodge Loses P.D.D. Thomas B. Dysart

The Elks of Omaha are mourning P.D.D. Thomas B. Dysart, aged 61, a prominent practicing attorney in that City since 1900, and a Past Exalted Ruler of Omaha Lodge, No. 39. He was fatally stricken at his desk in the legal department of the Federal Land Bank, and died before the arrival of a physician. Death was believed due to acute indigestion which induced a heart attack. Mr. Dysart had been ailing for several days, but insisted upon carrying on his work.

Because of his outstanding qualifications as a title lawyer, Mr. Dysart was named as Chief Title Examiner for the Federal Land Bank of Nebraska, South Dakota and Wyoming. He gave exceptionally fine service in that capacity, and always enjoyed the confidence and deep respect of bank officials and of his legal associates. His interests also embraced politics, and he served several terms as State Representative. He was State Senator in 1925.

Mr. Dysart was a much loved and revered member of Omaha Lodge. His activities, devoted to the betterment of the Lodge itself as well as to the Order at large, were highly appreciated by his many friends and admirers. Besides his affiliation with the Elks, he was a Past Chancellor of the Knights of Pythias and Past Grand Regent of the Royal Arcanum. His loss is felt keenly in the fraternal, banking, social and civic circles of Omaha.

*Frank L. Rain,
Past Grand Exalted Ruler*

Former Governor Hanna Offers Trophy to N. D. Lodges

Through the generosity of former Governor L. B. Hanna, President of the North Dakota State Elks Association, the ten Lodges of the State will compete this year for a handsome silk flag. The emblem will go to that Lodge whose officers best exemplify the ritualistic work at the time of the official visit of the District Deputy. A Lodge, to retain permanent possession of the trophy, will have to win it for three consecutive years.

Announcement that President Hanna would make the award has been sent to each of the Lodges by D.D. Ely H. Weil. Mr. Weil was told by Mr. Hanna that the thought of offering some sort of trophy for ritualistic work had been suggested to him by the immediate Past District Deputy—Raymond C. Dobson of Minot Lodge. Mr. Hanna expressed his pleasure at this opportunity to stimulate rivalry in ritualistic work among the Lodges, believing that it will react to the good of the entire membership in the State.

News of the Order in the Canal Zone

At a meeting of the Elks National Foundation Trustees during the Grand Lodge Convention in Kansas City last summer, the Board granted the request of the Canal Zone Lodges for an Elks National Foundation Scholarship. Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414, the "Farthest South" Lodge in the Order, recently selected two candidates for scholarships in the Canal Zone Junior College. They are Edward J. Gormley, Jr., and Howard E. Turner, both graduates of the Balboa High School, and both planning to matriculate in engineering.

This is the second year that an Elk scholarship has been provided for young Gormley. Cristobal Lodge, No. 1542, is following the lead of the mother Lodge, planning to award scholarships for boys on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus. The awards are based on the character, ability, ambition and need of assistance of the students.

At a recent meeting of the Balboa Emblem Club No. 49, the ladies' organization affiliated with Panama Canal Zone Lodge, it was voted to contribute \$150 to the Christmas Charity Fund of the Lodge, the check being presented almost immediately. It was acknowledged with deep appreciation.

P.E.R. Joseph Brand, Secy. of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, accompanied by Mrs. Brand, were cruise passengers last summer on the *S. S. Quirigua*, and were elaborately entertained during their stopover in the Zone. P.E.R. Archie M. Gibson of Cristobal Lodge and Mrs. Gibson escorted them to the Pacific side where they were guests at several pleasant affairs. P.D.D. Richard M. Davies of No. 1414 entertained in their honor on the Atlantic side.

Cincinnati, O., Lodge Honors Grand Trustee Richardson

Grand Lodge officers and delegations of Elks from twenty-two cities recently joined with members of Cincinnati, O., Lodge, No. 5, in honoring the Lodge's veteran Secretary, James S. Richardson, at a testimonial

dinner in recognition of his elevation to the office of Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees.

Included among the honors heaped upon Mr. Richardson was an appointment, presented by P.D.D. Max Friedman, on behalf of the Hon. Ruby Laffoon, Governor of Kentucky, with a commission as Colonel and as an aide-de-camp of Kentucky's Chief Executive. Hamilton, O., Lodge, No. 93, sent him a big basket of chrysanthemums, the presentation being made by P.E.R. A. J. Warndorf, who headed a delegation of 28 members in-

Proposal to Assess New Members Defeated

Grand Secretary J. E. Masters has sent the following communication to all the subordinate Lodges of the Order:

"MY BROTHERS:

"This is to notify you that the amendment to Section 15 of Article 3 of the Constitution of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America, which was submitted in writing at the last annual session of the Grand Lodge held in Kansas City and approved by a two-thirds vote of the Grand Lodge present and voting, was thereafter submitted to the Subordinate Lodges of our Order for adoption or rejection. The amendment has been rejected.

"As a result of the rejection of the amendment, the Lodges are not required to collect any sum from newly-initiated candidates in addition to the initiation fee and pre-paid dues.

"Cordially and fraternally,
J. E. MASTERS,
Grand Secretary"

cluding F. Urban Fremgen, E.R., and Mr. Warndorf's three sons. Grand Secretary J. E. Masters came from Chicago expressly to attend the affair. Tributes to Mr. Richardson were expressed in messages received from many Grand Lodge officers.

The following Exalted Rulers were present, heading delegations from their respective Lodges: Will R. Lewis, Lebanon; Fred W. Bath, Wilmington; Forrest C. Simon, Piqua; John K. Maurer, Middletown; Alfred P. Lewis, Covington; Charles A. Patzold, New-

port; and Col. Dan H. Russell, P.E.R. of Louisville, Ky., Lodge, headed a delegation from that City. Also present were District Deputy Kent Browning of Wilmington Lodge and Col. James A. Diskin of Kentucky, a Member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee.

More than five hundred Elks sat down to the testimonial dinner. The speaking program was opened by E.R. Jacob Krollmann, Jr., of Cincinnati Lodge, who paid tribute to Mr. Richardson, and then turned the meeting over to Mr. Friedman, Chairman of the Committee in charge of the function. The latter told of Mr. Richardson's service to Elksdom over a period of nearly 39 years, 22 of which were spent as Secretary of the Lodge; his service during the past four years as a Grand Lodge Trustee, and he voiced the good wishes of the assembly. The Grand Secretary told the audience that Mr. Richardson's influence in the Order is national: "His voice carries weight throughout all of Elksdom," he said. He also spoke of their close friendship.

Mr. Richardson, choked with emotion at the honors he had received, responded, declaring that the compliment being conferred upon him was not a personal one, but one intended for Cincinnati Lodge, and he credited the late August Herrmann, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, with launching the movement that brought these honors to No. 5. A parchment testimonial, signed by more than 1,000 Elks, was presented to the Grand Trustee by P.E.R. Milton Lowenstein.

Concord, N. C., Lodge Formally Receives Charter

Concord, N. C., Lodge, No. 1593, formally received its charter from the Grand Lodge recently when it celebrated its First Anniversary. The presentation was fittingly performed by D.D. I. M. Cook of Charlotte, N. C., Lodge. P.E.R. Brevard E. Harris accepted the charter on behalf of the membership. Several short talks were made by distinguished Elks among the visitors, including those of State Pres. John J. Morton, of Charlotte; P.D.D. Shelley B. Caveness of Greensboro, and Colonel T. L. Kirkpatrick, also of Charlotte.

E.R. Buford W. Blackwelder extended greetings to the visiting Elks who joined with the Concordians in their birthday party. Several former Elks, who were members of Concord Lodge before it was disbanded a decade ago, were special guests of the Lodge on this occasion.

The entertainment program included tap dancing by a talented group of young ladies, and string music by an orchestra. The climax to the evening was the social hour when a tasty Dutch Supper was served.

(Continued on page 26)



Participants in the dinner to Grand Trustee James S. Richardson. The dinner was given by Cincinnati, O., Lodge

Western Lodges Permitted to Institute Antler Lodges

Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon was highly pleased recently to issue permits for the institution of Antler Lodges to two subordinate Lodges of the Order. San Diego, Calif., No. 168, and Port Angeles, "Naval," Wash., No. 353, are the Lodges planning the organization of junior units.

N. H. State Assn. Presents \$150 to Orphanage

The New Hampshire State Elks Association, recently allotted the sum of \$300 by the Elks National Foundation Trustees for 1934, turned over to the Gray Nuns of St. Joseph's Orphanage a check for \$150. The presentation was made to assist them in the work they are doing in caring for the orphaned children of the City. The remaining \$150 was to be presented to the Sisters of Mercy at Manchester, N. H.

Presentation of the check to the Gray Nuns was made by Past State Pres. Charles



The officers of Houlton, Me., Lodge who recently entertained D.D. J.O.E. Noel, who is seated center holding antlers

H. Bean. Accepting in their behalf, the Rev. Louis J. A. Doucet said that the interest shown by the Elks in the work of the Gray Nuns was in line with their great charitable work. D.D. Michael J. Nevins, of Franklin, spoke briefly. The State Assn. was represented by Pres. F. E. Normandin; 1st Vice-Pres. Benjamin P. Hopkins; 2nd Vice-Pres. Carl A. Savage, and Past Pres. Frank J. Kelly. P.D.D.'s James D. De Rocher, Sr., and John M. Guay were among those present.

Following the presentation, the youngsters at the Orphanage sang, and the visitors were taken on a tour of inspection of the property.

Charles H. Bean, Past Pres.

Flourishing Condition in Santa Fe, N. M., Lodge

Under the forceful leadership of E.R. Arthur E. Carr and his fellow officers, Santa Fe, N. M., Lodge, No. 460, is making more progress and developing more activity than at any time in the last 20 years. Membership last year increased 70 per cent. In recognition of that achievement, the Lodge, without a dissenting vote, reelected Mr. Carr and the other chair officers, it being the first time in its history that the Lodge had reelected an Exalted Ruler and his staff. This unusual installation was conducted by P.E.R. E. L. Safford, who was Grand Inner Guard at the time.

From the earnings of "The End of the Santa Fe Trail Celebration," which ended a four-night run on Oct. 6, it will be possible for the Lodge to extend its relief work. With more than 9,000 visitors in attendance, the Celebration was the greatest show of the kind ever staged in Santa Fe. It is the opinion of officers and members that the Celebration would have been of great value even if no profit had been earned, since it

brought about a revival of interest on the part of a number of members who had been lukewarm, and again centered the attention of the public on Elk activities. Thirty new applications can be traced to the event.

During the winter season the Lodge will provide milk for the undernourished children of the public and parochial schools, and gather up, with the aid of the Boy Scouts, the discarded shoes in the City and have them completely reconditioned for use of the needy.

Guthrie Smith, Correspondent

Ticonderoga, N. Y., Lodge Life Member Succumbs

Ticonderoga, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1494, has lost one of its most beloved and active members—Isidor Rothschild, a Trustee of the Lodge. Mr. Rothschild passed away at the age of 71, at the Moses Ludington Hospital of which he was a Director. The funeral services, largely attended, were conducted at the Hotel Burleigh which had been his home for 35 years. Officers of the Lodge officiated. E.R. Mortimer V. Drake accompanied relatives to Brooklyn where burial took place in Cypress Hills Cemetery.



The Elk's head given to Cambridge, Md., Lodge by William McMahon

Mr. Rothschild came to this country from Germany in 1880 and established a dry goods business in Glens Falls, later removing to Ticonderoga where he opened a large mercantile business which bore his name until he retired a year ago, his health having failed. His store was a landmark in the locality, its location never having been changed.

Throughout the years large amounts of merchandise were given away over his counters to the poor, and many school children under financial handicap were supplied with milk. Many Ticonderoga families depended upon him during the winter months for food, clothing and fuel, and he was never known to refuse a deserving request. He always contributed generously to subscription lists, and whenever possible, gave his aid anonymously.

Mr. Rothschild was a life member of Ticonderoga Lodge where his interest and activities were always manifest. He is said to have donated in financial support more than any other member and was regarded by the Lodge as its best friend and staunchest supporter. His fine character and the sincerity with which he performed his generous deeds endeared him to his fellow members and to all who knew him.

Mortimer V. Drake, E.R.

La Grande, Ore., Elks Entertain Neighboring Lodges

About 175 Elks, including members of La Grande, Ore., Lodge, No. 433, and representatives of the Lodges of Eastern Oregon and Washington and Western Idaho, gathered at the home of La Grande Lodge recently for the first meeting of the kind to be held there in a number of years.

Talks were given during the evening by the Exalted Rulers of the Lodges of Pendleton, Ore.; Baker, Ore.; Boise, Idaho, and Walla Walla, Wash. The main speaker of the evening was P.D.D. A. I. Myers of Caldwell. Robert R. Carey, Exalted Ruler of La Grande Lodge, presided at the meeting.

A short program was given by members of Walla Walla Lodge following the business session. After concluding the events of the evening the hosts provided the visitors with a fine repast.

P.E.R. G. E. Bishop of Sterling, Ill., Lodge Succumbs

Sterling, Ill., Lodge, No. 1218, was recently saddened by the death of Past Exalted Ruler G. E. Bishop.

Mr. Bishop was considered the most active member of Sterling Lodge, it being felt that he had exerted more influence in the Lodge's development than any other single member. He was well known among members of the Grand Lodge, being a personal friend of long standing of many of the Order's Past Grand Exalted Rulers.

His passing is a matter of great moment to Sterling Lodge. Of its twenty-four Past Exalted Rulers, Mr. Bishop was the first to die.

Philip H. Ward, E.R.



The attractive new Home of Camden, N. J., Lodge

Social Events Planned for Lewistown, Mont., Lodge

The inauguration of the fall activities of Lewistown, Mont., Lodge, No. 456, saw 250 members in attendance at a stag dinner held prior to the regular meeting recently. Four fast rounds of boxing between two young local fighters filled out the program.

A schedule of dances, dinners, card parties and other entertainment has been arranged for the period up to January 1st. It is probably the most ambitious ever attempted by No. 456. Included is a novel "Stag Dinner" for members' wives that ought to set a new high in attendance.

Fred Pierre, Jr., Correspondent

Millinocket, Me., Elks Buy New Home for Lodge

A fine two-story building on Main Street has been purchased by Millinocket, Me., Lodge, No. 1521. The first floor is used for stores, and the second houses the Lodge rooms. Under the expert leadership of E.R. Nelson A. Felix, the Lodge expects to accomplish much good work next year.

Frank H. Speed, Correspondent
(Continued on page 36)

Eastern Edition

This Section Contains Additional News of Eastern Lodges



In the Governor's Reception Room of the State Capitol of South Dakota are J. Ford Zietlow, of Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge, member of the Advisory Council of the Elks National Foundation; P. G. E. R. J. G. McFarland, Treasurer of the Foundation; Dr. Park B. Jenkins, State President Milton Dowdell, Dr. R. G. Mayer, D.D., State Treasurer M. M. Korte, and Mrs. Florence Englesby, at the presentation of the Foundation's \$300 Scholarship, diverted to the use of South Dakota's crippled children, and \$50 from the S. D. State Association for the same purpose

Miller Studio

D.D. Ormsby Speaks at Amsterdam, N. Y., Lodge

Dr. E. H. Ormsby, recently appointed District Deputy for the Northeast District of New York, spoke before the Association of Past Exalted Rulers of the District at the Home of Amsterdam, N. Y., Lodge, No. 101, a short time ago. Also attending were present and past officials of other titles representing the 15 Lodges of the District. Dr. Ormsby called the meeting to outline his program, and based his talk upon the famous acceptance speech of Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon deploring the gains of Communism.

There gathered in the Lodge room about 100 Elks, anxious to hear the new District Deputy speak. Among those present, aside from local Elks, were representatives from the Lodges of Gloversville, Albany, Glens Falls, Troy, Saratoga, Hoosick Falls, Schenectady, Plattsburg, Hudson, Cohoes, Mechanicville, Whitehall, Ticonderoga and Watervliet.

The meeting was called to order by Robert T. Walsh, Pres. of the P.E.R.'s Assn. The first business was the election of officers. P.D.D. Theodore Kalbfleisch, Jr., of Glens Falls was chosen President, and Past State Pres. Dr. J. Edward Gallico, of Troy, Secy.-Treas. A turkey dinner was served in the dining hall at the conclusion of the meeting.

Miami, Fla., Lodge Entertains West Palm Beach Ritualistic Team

The crack Ritualistic Team of West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1352, headed by E.R. W. A. Wall, recently motored to Miami, Fla., Lodge, No. 948, where it presented an excellent program for the Miami Elks. A dozen candidates were initiated on this occasion. The ceremony was performed in splendid fashion, after which the crowd of 250 Elks, some of whom came from Fort Lauderdale, Fort Pierce and Cocoa Lodges, adjourned to the Lodge rooms where a Dutch supper and beer party was held.

During the course of the meeting E.R. Hayes S. Wood expressed the thanks of Miami Lodge to the other Florida Lodges for the cooperation they had offered in trying to bring the next National Convention

of the Order to Miami Lodge's home City.

The members of the Ritualistic Team of No. 1352 who journeyed to Miami Lodge are: E.R. Wall, Est. Lead. Knight W. J. Venor, Est. Loyal Knight F. A. Currie, Est. Lect. Knight Judge Phil O'Connell, Esq. W. H. Youmans, Secy. Ed. F. Stumpf, Treas. A. G. Diemer, Inner Guard J. P. Dodson, Chaplain W. A. Horejs, Organist George Hulme and Tiler C. L. Wilson.

Hayes S. Wood, E.R.

Newton, Mass., Lodge Receives National Ritualistic Trophy

At a meeting held recently by Newton, Mass., Lodge, No. 1327, the officers were, for the second time, formally presented with the National Ritualistic Trophy won by them at the Grand Lodge Reunion in Kansas City last July. Newton Lodge also won the Trophy the year before in Milwaukee.

After the Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge had taken charge of the meeting, over which Past State Pres. William E. Earle presided, the officers who made up the Ritualistic Team were escorted before the altar and introduced by the Esquire of the team, Robert P. Driscoll. When P.E.R. William F. Parker, E.R. of the team, had addressed the Lodge, he presented the Trophy. It was accepted on behalf of the Lodge by Mr. Earle.

The following distinguished members of the Order made congratulatory remarks: The Hon. E. Mark Sullivan, Chairman of the Committee on Judiciary of the Grand Lodge; P.D.D. John F. Burke, a Vice-Pres. of the State Assn.; P.D.D.'s John F. McGann and H. Wesley Curtis; P.E.R.'s John P. Brennan and George D. Colgan of Cambridge Lodge; P.E.R. Harry E. Gleason of Brookline Lodge, and the Hon. Richard M. Russell, Mayor of Cambridge, a member of Cambridge Lodge.

Fredericksburg, Va., Lodge Visited by D.D. Packer

D.D. C. B. Packer, of Portsmouth, Va., Lodge, No. 82, began his appointed duties by making his first official visit to Fredericksburg, Va., Lodge, No. 875. He was greeted at the Lodge Home by E.R. William M. Jackson, Secy., Henry Dannehl, Sr., the Chaplain of the Lodge and several Past

Exalted Rulers. All the books and paraphernalia were examined by Mr. Packer who also made a thorough inspection of the Home and grounds. The regular business session followed. During the meeting an initiation was held according to the ritual of the Order.

After the initiation Mr. Packer made a splendid address to the Lodge, stressing the program of Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon and offering his services to the Lodge in any way in which he could help to carry on its work. He also complimented the Lodge highly on the manner in which the initiation had been performed.

At the conclusion of the business session a smoker was held in honor of the District Deputy. Hard shelled crabs, sandwiches and beer were the staples of the meal which was thoroughly enjoyed by all who partook of it.

William M. Jackson, E.R.

Rehabilitation Program of Orangeburg, S. C., Lodge Is Successful

A little over a year ago, Orangeburg, S. C., Lodge, No. 897, called a meeting ostensibly for the purpose of surrendering its charter. The membership had dwindled to below fifty, the Lodge was in debt, and general conditions in both the Lodge and the community were very bad. However, a rehabilitation plan was suggested and adopted.

The members went to work. At the next meeting a class of 20 new members, named the "Cliff Langford Class" in honor of a member who had worked diligently for the upbuilding of the Lodge, was initiated. The annual dues were reduced and beneficial changes made in the management of the Club facilities.

More members became active, and within ten months the rolls had grown to 165 and the Lodge was out of debt and in sound financial condition. Renovation of the building was undertaken and went along rapidly, and new members came in at each succeeding meeting. Free suppers and other attractive features resulted in good Lodge attendance.

Orangeburg Lodge will act as host to the South Carolina State Elks Assn. next summer at its annual Convention, and it is expected that at that time the number of

members will be at least 200. The Lodge has heartily endorsed the proposals of Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon and is earnestly endeavoring to carry out his suggestions.

H. V. Bradley, E.R.

Secy. Albert E. Turner Mourned by Olean, N. Y., Lodge

Olean, N. Y., Lodge, No. 491, is deeply grieved by the recent loss of Albert E. Turner, the Secretary of the Lodge, who died October 3, the victim of a heart attack. Mr. Turner had been ill but a short time.

The regular meeting of the Lodge on the evening of his death was postponed, and 85 members visited the Turner residence in a body. Funeral services, held at the grave in Pleasant Valley, Olean, were in charge of E.R. Raymond W. Sheahan and Chaplain J. William Cook. Members of Olean Lodge who were honorary pallbearers were: P.E.R.'s Warner M. Brundage, George C. Derby, George M. Hannifan, Curtis D. Tut-hill and Dr. Joseph L. Mountain. Active pallbearers were Tiffany A. Eaton, Ernest M. Weis, Herbert M. Jessop, Frank Wallin, Francis J. Sullivan and Howard K. Jaekle.

G. M. Crowley, Correspondent

Ambridge, Pa., Lodge Entertains 4,000 Children

Children's Day in Ambridge, Pa., was an unusual event this year. About 4,000 children were the guests of Ambridge Lodge, No. 983, which provided the funds for the affair and arranged an attractive program.

Free shows in two theatres filled both houses to capacity, while at the noon hour a great throng of young humanity was transported to a park where refreshments were served. During the afternoon the Ladies Auxiliary of the Z. N. P. Club arrived with an orchestra. The ladies were of great assistance in looking after the children.

Harry Schwartz, Secy.

Sarasota, Fla., Lodge Performs Ritual before Post Office

Although a downpour of rain interrupted the ceremony, the impressive and patriotic ritual with which Sarasota, Fla., Lodge, No. 1519, officials recently unveiled the cornerstone of Sarasota's new Post Office, went unimpaired and the seriousness and solemnity of the occasion remained intact. Taking part in the placing of four bouquets upon the table before the cornerstone were four officials of the Lodge.

District Deputy's Charity Ball to be Held by East New York Lodges

On December 8, 1934, will be held the First Annual District Deputy's Charity Ball, sponsored by the eleven Elk Lodges of the East New York District. Lodges responsible for this important affair are: Beacon Lodge



The County Center, at White Plains, N. Y., where the eleven Elk Lodges of New York's East District will hold the District Deputy's Charity Ball in honor of D.D. James Dempsey, Jr.

No. 1493, Mount Kisco Lodge No. 1552, Mount Vernon Lodge No. 842, Mamaroneck Lodge No. 1457, New Rochelle Lodge No. 756, Ossining Lodge No. 1486, Peekskill Lodge No. 744, Port Chester Lodge No. 863, Poughkeepsie Lodge No. 275, Yonkers Lodge No. 707, and White Plains Lodge No. 535. The Ball is to be held at the magnificent County Center, in White Plains.

The entire proceeds from the Ball will be distributed to the Community and Welfare Funds of these eleven Lodges. The share each Lodge will receive depends upon the number of tickets it sells. It is hoped that sufficient money will be raised through the medium of the Ball to eliminate the necessity of making private solicitations for charity by the individual Lodges around Christmas time.

The First Annual District Deputy's Charity Ball is being held in honor of District Deputy James Dempsey, Jr., of Peekskill. Officers and Chairmen of the various committees in charge of the affair include: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, Honorary Chairman; Robert L. Dymes, of Ossining, Chairman; Edward Murray, of Yonkers, Vice Chairman of the General Committee; John P. Doyle, of Mt. Kisco, Secretary and Ben Shea, of Port Chester, Treasurer of the General Committee; Joe Downing, of Mount Vernon, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee; Fred Niles, of Ossining, Chairman of the Publicity Committee; James Moran, of New Rochelle, Chairman of the Reception Committee; Dr. Max Kaplan Leeds, Vice President of the N. Y. State Elks Association, Chairman of the General Executive Committee; Ray Delaney, of Ossining, Chairman of the Decoration Committee; Donald Dempsey, of Peekskill, Chairman of the Ticket Committee; George Danner, Chairman of the Program Committee; Frank Wells, Chairman of the Floor Committee; Joseph Carroll, Chairman of the Refreshment Committee.

Under the direction of Chairman Joe Downing of the Entertainment Committee, a startling galaxy of Broadway's amusement stars will be present at the Ball, among them being Rudy Vallee and Ed Sullivan, Columnist of the New York Daily News, as Master of Ceremonies.

St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge Treats 6,000 Children to a Picnic

The Elks of St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge, No. 1224, entertained 6,000 children at its annual children's picnic. The youngsters were given lunch at noon—all they could eat and more—and in mid-afternoon were lined up for another helping. It was a school holiday and children from far and near, rich and poor, gathered at the beach at Pass-a-Grille on the Gulf of Mexico to play on the sand and swim.

A first aid tent was established and three registered nurses had their hands full, treating children for scratches and bruises.

Contests and games, directed by P. V. Gahan, attracted many children, the winners of the events receiving prizes donated by local merchants. Boy Scouts were on duty here as well as in other parts of the picnic grounds and gave invaluable service. Mr. Gahan was assisted by R. L. Staton, Junior Chapin, Dr. Dale C. Beatty, Gilbert Bush, Jimmy Furan, Walter J. Zoeller and Harry A. Dee. E.R. J. B. McGuinness and Picnic Chairman J. Roy Dee attended.

After the picnic, Mayor John R. Deacon, Jr., of Pass-a-Grille Beach, expressed himself as highly pleased with the affair. As a proof of his sincerity he signed an application blank for membership in the Order.



Above, the Picnic Committee, of St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge, with some of the 6,000 children they entertained recently. At left are more of the children on the beach





A REGAL GIFT—yet moderately priced. These superbly mellow Crown Whiskies are blended by the house that holds the world's largest treasure of fully aged Rye and Bourbon whiskies . . . Say Seagram's and be Sure.

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"REGULAR" DADS ~

*Reporting the Outstanding Act of
Friendship for October*

BY FREDERICKSBURG, VA., LODGE NO. 875

SOME Dads are neither "born" nor "step"—they're just "regular."

And a little, thirteen-year-old girl in Fredericksburg, Va., will tell you that the last mentioned kind have really meant the most to her. First, there was her own Dad, whom she never knew, then a Step-Dad who was warping her life; and today there are "regular" Dads—311 of them—who are changing her entire future, even though she would not know one of them if she met him on the street!

Nor would they know her. Yet the Elks of Fredericksburg Lodge No. 875, have succeeded in establishing in this child's mind a necessary image which has been sadly missing up to now—they have made her believe that she is of value to the world—that **THEY** care about her welfare and development and will not fail her, as the other Dads have done.

Perhaps they knew that there are some ten thousand vagabond children who are roving these United States, traveling in side-door pullmans; foraging for food; and sleeping around "jungle" camp-fires. That these girls and boys, who are between nine and fourteen years of age, have left their homes and struck out for themselves because those homes were broken up. That their communities had no place for them and that as misfits they had no value and *no one cared*. It would have been mighty easy for this little child in Fredericksburg to have become one of this sad army.

She had been separated from her unmarried mother at birth, so a "real" Dad meant nothing to her. At the age of nine, when her mother married, she was brought to the new home to meet a "step" Dad—but it all too soon developed that the motive was to throw the burden of the household labors upon her childish shoulders. Before long there were drunken sprees and beatings from both the mother and step-father—and after a while the little girl revolted and ran away. But she was brought back; beaten again because she used wood to heat water that she might wash her clothes. With the marks of the strap still showing upon her face, neck and shoulders, this child was brought into Juvenile Court—facing a possible commitment to a state institution—upon her mother's and step-father's complaint of incorrigibility.

But the Judge before whom she appeared was a kindly, far-seeing man. So far as he could discover she had broken no law, either real or moral, and he had learned to read honesty, pride and self-respect in children's faces. He *cared* enough to have faith in this little girl's grim story and to check it—and he came to believe that what she needed most was a *chance*. Because he was an Elk, he had an organization at hand to help him save this child—so he introduced her to some "regular" Dads. They began with new clothes—the first complete outfit she had ever had—available at cost through a Brother Elk who managed a clothing store. And what a difference they made! A gay, happy, youngster, *eager* to go back to the school she had shunned through shame for her ragged and soiled clothing! Yet, this temporary material aid was only the beginning.

For many of the Elks of Lodge No. 875 are "real" Dads, and they have a conviction that girls and boys need a *home environment* which no institution can possibly give. So they set about the somewhat problematical task of *salvaging this child's home!* This was striking at the

root of the difficulty—and they began by setting a new standard of parenthood before that mother and step-father through a reprimand and lecture from the Judge. They followed this by a definite understanding that Lodge No. 875 intended to see to it that that standard was adhered to—and the fact that so influential a group of citizens are interested and concerned in the future of this little girl is creating a new family tie that is saving—not one—but **THREE** people.

Such Acts of Friendship are boomerangs for years to come. The unfortunate children who grow up without homes and the children who have "real" Dads to guard them must meet life side by side—and the fewer there are in the first group, the safer the second will be. The members of Lodge No. 875 will tell you that there is a lot of relish in being "regular" Dads to unknown unfortunates—it don't take much but a heap o' carin'!

ACTS of FRIENDSHIP!

ALL Lodge reports are read by the Grand Exalted Ruler and by his Secretary. They are credited to the Lodge on a tally sheet, and placed in one of nine geographical files. Each week they are read and appraised by each member of the special committee serving at the request of the Grand Exalted Ruler, and the Committee as a whole selects the outstanding Acts. The Exalted Rulers of the reporting Lodges thus selected are requested by telegraph to mail full details with local color, from which stories may be prepared. The letters are considered and, by process of elimination, the ones to be publicized are determined.

The Committee having this big task and rare privilege are:

Charles J. O'Hara, P.E.R., Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge No. 99.

C. P. Hebenstreit, P.E.R., Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge No. 1415, P.D.D.

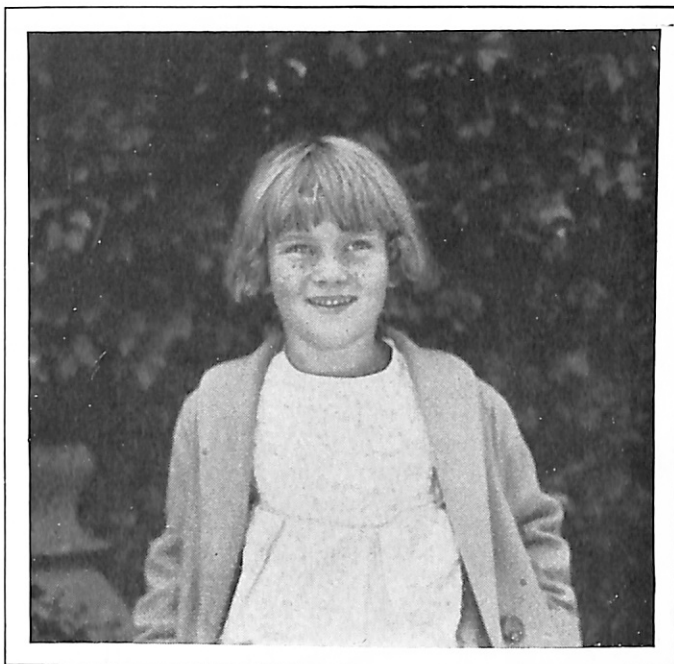
J. Murray Durham, P.E.R., Glendale, Calif., Lodge No. 1289.

EXALTED RULER PLEASE NOTE: BE SURE TO IDENTIFY EACH REPORT BY LODGE NUMBER. IF TELEGRAPHIC REPORT IS IMPRACTICABLE LET IT BE BY MAIL.

MERITORIOUS

REPORTS from these Lodges arrested the attention of the Grand Exalted Ruler's Committee:

Lorain, Ohio, No. 1301
Asheville, North Carolina, No. 1401
Bellingham, Washington, No. 194
El Centro, California, No. 1325
Brainerd, Minnesota, No. 615
Peekskill, New York, No. 744
Muscatine, Iowa, No. 304
Ontario, California, No. 1419
Greenville, Pennsylvania, No. 145
Sterling, Illinois, No. 1218
Marshfield, Oregon, No. 1160
Montrose, Colorado, No. 1053
Houston, Texas, No. 151
Bellingham, Washington, No. 194
Boonton, New Jersey, No. 1405
Bridgeport, Connecticut, No. 36
Laconia, New Hampshire, No. 876
Oroville, California, No. 1484
Jackson, Michigan, No. 113
Everett, Massachusetts, No. 642
Sanford, Florida, No. 1241
Lebanon, Pennsylvania, No. 631



Smiling eyes, radiant with gratitude!

ACTS of FRIENDSHIP!

LETTERS from Exalted Rulers bespeak their enthusiastic support:

- “It’s a fire that is warming our hearts as of old.”
- “We are better Elks because of this.”
- “We are enthusiastic with the possibilities of the idea.”
- “Their gratitude makes something swell up inside us.”
- “Our Lodge has benefited materially—it has stimulated attendance and interest”
- “* * * the genuine thrills of satisfaction that we receive.”
- “Members happy helping those whose courage is broken.”

Write the Grand Exalted Ruler your opinion of this plan for expressing the heart of Elkdom

BOY STEPS UP

Brilliant high school record—worthy young man—but a destitute family—father without employment—should the boy forego higher education—the Elks of his town said “NO!” Timely thought and resourcefulness secured necessary funds—now there’s a new student in the State University—furthermore, friendly Elks secured employment for father.

El Centro, California, Lodge No. 1325

WARMING COMFORT

Seventy-eight years, but still sweethearts—she helplessly paralyzed from the waist down—he lovingly waiting upon her just as though she were a child. But their shelter was a mere shack with the barest of furnishings and an impossibly small stove. Penniless they were, and cold; the city furnished their food, but they were cold.

Now there is a fine new stove with plenty of kindling and coal.

Boise, Idaho, Lodge No. 310

SUNSHINE IN DIXIE

Mose (yes, colored) and his weary wife with girl of seven and boy of five shuffled aimlessly along the banks of the Mississippi. Footsore, hungry and tired. Mose carried all their earthly possessions in a blanket on his back—their shack in the slums had been condemned.

The Elks fixed things up. “Yassuh”—food and clothes—and what’s more—a cotton picking job on a plantation up the river.

Memphis, Tennessee, Lodge No. 27

TRANSFUSION

A brother Elk, although a stranger from a far off city—near death’s door in local hospital—only blood transfusion could save him. Not one but many Elks responded—the first called was waiting for word that would mean a new job—“To hell with the job! I’ll go!”—He did—and his prospective employer said, “That’s the kind of a man I want.”

Minneapolis, Minnesota, Lodge No. 44

“YES, SIR!”

That’s what the doctor said when invited to join the Lodge after he had helped its members to save one of their number still in his 50’s who had fought depression and cataract of the eye at the same time.

Financial assistance provided necessary operation and artificial eye. Now both patient and doctor, old and new members, know the value of the Order and its Acts of Friendship.

St. Petersburg, Florida, Lodge No. 1224

HOPEFUL FUTURE

Tuberculosis of the spine—but what a ray of hope now that the way is smoothed for examinations and X-rays at Research Hospital; then operation and hospitalization. Relieved in mind, patient now can rest in peace and devote himself to getting well. A thoughtful service cheerfully performed by a group of good fellows.

Murphysboro, Illinois, Lodge No. 572

TOGETHER

Brighton, Colo., Lodge, No. 1586, Wins Special Recognition by One of Its Acts of Friendship for October

OUT of the turmoil of the past three years when men, communities and nations have suffered REAL need, has come a new valuation of the word “together.” Those who have experienced the comfort and strength of this new, vivid meaning, and have put it to every-day use, have found themselves richer in spirit and power—whatever their financial situation may be. Brighton Lodge, No. 1586, of Brighton, Colorado, recently passed through such an experience in meeting a deep and tragic need—and the manner of its meeting has written the word “together” into the annals of that community.

In a fatherless family of five the word “together” had become a watchword. The mother had served as a domestic servant that her children might remain close to her. The responsibility for each other’s welfare was the central thought of the meagre home. Not until the two oldest children—a boy of seventeen and a girl of sixteen—had graduated from high school, was there a break in the family circle. Then these two went forth—together—to help earn for the younger children left at home.

It was not much that they could do! But harvesting the fruits and vegetables in the great gardens around Brighton was a lark to them—for was it not helping to keep the family together? They were very happy—when there came a sudden and unexpected end to the harvesting, for the Grim Reaper once more stalked across the path of this family and bore away with him the oldest boy—and seemed about to take his sister with him. And then came the greatest FEAR this little family had ever known. Would they have to leave the lad they loved in the Potter’s Field—ALONE? And—the sister—

But an Act of Friendship was to save them. An Act begun in blind faith and the determination that *some way* could be found to meet this family’s tragic need. That faith was born in Brighton Lodge. There were not sufficient funds in the Lodge Treasury to assume the financial responsibility of a proper burial for the boy and care for the sister so desperately ill, and the task of raising them seemed insurmountable.

But the determination of these Elks sent them to other organizations—seeking kindred spirits who would *share* this service with them. They were surprised to find that they did not have far to seek—that there was a FELLOWSHIP waiting to be called into being by the touch of their *leadership*. And within a brief twenty-four hours arrangements had been completed which brought courage and comfort to the mother’s heavy heart and, eventually, returned the sister—safe and well—to the family circle.

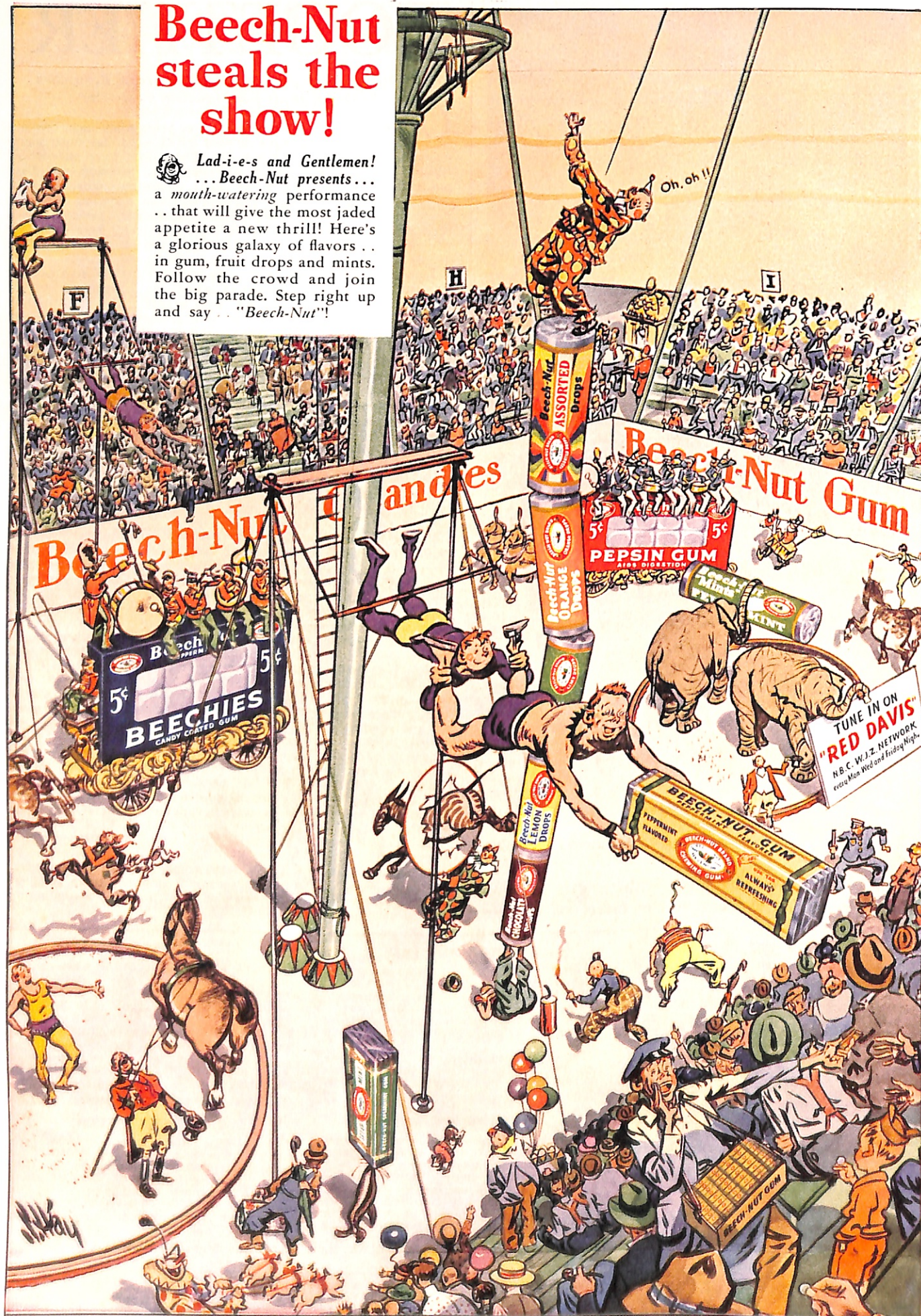
Sometimes the lack of funds leaves us with a sense of impotency—and we leave undone services we would really like to render. But Brighton Lodge—a YOUNG member of this great organization of Elks—found it a KEY which unlocked a wealth of community friendship more valuable in serving community needs than mere funds could ever be. The act of sharing their ACT OF FRIENDSHIP made it possible to render quick relief to a family in desperate need.

But it did far more—it stimulated cooperation among organizations who were sincerely eager to serve; it brought the members of this Lodge into closer Brotherhood; and it taught a community the real value of the word—**TOGETHER!**

ACTS OF FRIENDSHIP—EVERY MEETING NIGHT!

Beech-Nut steals the show!

Lad-i-e-s and Gentlemen!
...Beech-Nut presents...
a mouth-watering performance...
that will give the most jaded
appetite a new thrill! Here's
a glorious galaxy of flavors...
in gum, fruit drops and mints.
Follow the crowd and join
the big parade. Step right up
and say... "Beech-Nut"!



News of the State Associations

Vermont

ABOUT 75 delegates, representing the 10 Lodges of the Order in Vermont, attended the annual meeting of the Vermont State Elks Assn. held in Rutland, and elected Lawrence F. Edgerton of Springfield, President. The other officers for the coming year are: 1st Vice-Pres., Arthur L. Graves, St. Johnsbury; 2nd Vice-Pres., James E. Burns, Montpelier; 3rd Vice-Pres., G. E. Charron, St. Albans; Secy., Kemp N. Saunders, Springfield, and Treas., F. L. Linsenmeir, Burlington.

The business meeting followed a dinner served in the Home of Rutland Lodge, No. 345. After the election of officers, several prominent guests of the Association addressed the gathering, among them being Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees; E. Mark Sullivan, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; John F. Burke, 3rd Vice-Pres. of the Mass. State Elks Assn., and Harry E. Gleason, P.E.R. of Brookline, Mass., Lodge.

Considerable time was spent in discussion of a campaign, fostered by Rutland Lodge, in which old books and magazines will be sold for aid in the support of a camp at Goshen for crippled children. Retiring Pres. John J. Cocklin is Chairman of the Committee. The camp is primarily for the aftercare of victims of infantile paralysis. Children are sent there each season from various hospitals throughout the section on medical recommendation and are cared for without charge. The camp is prepared to handle 150 children at the present time. It has unlimited possibilities, 250 acres of land being at the disposal of the camp authorities. (A photograph of this splendid institution was published in last month's issue—Ed.)

John J. Cocklin, Past Pres.

Wisconsin

AT its Annual Convention held in Manitowoc, the Wisconsin State Elks Assn. renewed its pledge to aid the crippled children of the State and voted to continue the work as the main objective of the Association. The suggestion of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, for the organization of 365 clubs, was adopted. In addition a plan was approved for a crippled children's week in Wisconsin in which every Lodge in the State would participate in some form of entertainment, the proceeds to be turned over to the Crippled Children's Committee.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon was present from Los Angeles, and delivered a fine address at the Convention banquet, which was attended by about 400. Ex-Governor A. G. Schemedeman of Madison Lodge was another prominent guest.

Menasha, Two Rivers and Beloit Lodges were the winners of prizes in the parade, in which 12 bands and a large delegation of marchers from many Lodges of the State participated.

The officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows: Pres., Myron E. Schwartz, Two Rivers; Vice-Pres.'s: N. E., R. W. Mills, Fond du Lac; N. W., W. Del Curtis, Wausau; South, Ray Rocky, Madison; At Large, Julius P. Heil, Milwaukee; Secy., Theodore Benfey, Sheboygan; Treas., Lou Uecker, Antigo. Trustees: Edward W. Mackey, Manitowoc; William F. Schad, Milwaukee; A. J. Geniesse, Green Bay; Ray C. Dwyer, La Crosse, and J. W. Selbach, Eau Claire. Pres. Schwartz has announced the appointments of the Rev. Henry Halinde, Green Bay, as Chaplain; V. M. Landgraf,

Menasha, Tiler; H. A. Sharpe, Green Bay, Inner Guard, and William U. Rutherford, Manitowoc, Sergeant-at-Arms.

E. W. Mackey, Past Pres.

Nevada

THE Ninth Annual Convention of the Nevada State Elks Assn. was held at Las Vegas on Oct. 11, 12 and 13, with all of the six Lodges of the State represented by 100 delegates. Visiting Elks from all over the State and from Bishop and Bridgeport, Calif., also attended. Long Beach, Calif., Lodge sent a delegation of 100 of its members. The meeting was highly successful both from a social and business standpoint.

Among the distinguished guests present were Past State Pres. Harley A. Harmon of Las Vegas; P.D.D. William B. Evans of Tonopah; and P.E.R.'s Harry E. Stewart, of Reno; A. W. Crane, of Phoenix, Ariz., Judge Edwards, Ely, and Carl G. Krock, of Kingman, Ariz.

The Association voted to award a \$100 scholarship to some deserving boy or girl student at the University of Nevada and requested every Lodge to furnish fresh milk to undernourished children within the State. A resolution was passed congratulating Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon on his stand to eradicate Communism in the United States, and advocating that the Nevada Lodges follow the Grand Exalted Ruler's lead in stamping out the evil.

The social features were many, including a visit to the great Boulder Dam, a street dance, banquets, and the Grand Ball given by Las Vegas Lodge on the last day. On the latter occasion, before an audience of 2,000 people, State Secy. John Madison Gray introduced Governor Morley Griswold, a member of Elko Lodge, who presented cups to the winners of the Ritualistic Contest.

Reno Lodge won the Degree Team cup for the third time, making the percentage of 99.6 as its score, and now retains permanent possession of the trophy. The winners of the individual cups were as follows: H. L. Manente, Reno, E.R.'s cup; Chester Scranton, Reno, Est. Lead. Knight's cup; Gene Slavin, Tonopah, Est. Loyal Knight's cup, and Don Shaver, Ely, Est. Lect. Knight's cup.

Following are the officers elected for the ensuing year: Pres., Dr. J. C. Cherry, Goldfield; Vice-Pres., T. L. Withers, Reno; Secy.-Treas., Paul Kastner, Tonopah, and Trustee for a three-year term, S. H. Cooper, Reno. Next year's Convention will be held at Ely on a date to be fixed by the officers of the Assn.

John M. Gray, Correspondent

California

FOURTEEN hundred Elks, including 732 delegates and alternates, assembled in Sacramento on October 4, 5 and 6 to take part in the 20th Annual Convention of the California State Elks Assn. The Hon. Frank F. Merriam, Governor of California, was present and Mayor Thomas P. Scollan welcomed the visitors in behalf of the City.

The business session on the first day was opened at 10 A.M. by Pres. J. Thomas Crowe of Tulare. All of the Trustees and Vice-Presidents, together with the other officers, were on hand. After the roll call and the salute to the Flag, annual reports were made. The Ritualistic Contest was held in the afternoon and evening. San Diego Lodge was the winner of the State Cup for the third time, and the trophy is now in the permanent possession of that Lodge.

Fresno Lodge won the James M. Shanly

Cup and Salinas Lodge the M. E. Hoerlin Cup. Memorial services were held under the direction of Past Pres. F. Eugene Dayton of Salinas. The memorial address was delivered by the Rev. David Todd Gillmor of Stockton. Vocal and organ numbers were rendered by members of Sacramento, Oakland and Berkeley Lodges.

The afternoon was given over to golf, bowling, card parties and entertainment for the ladies. At 7:30 P.M. the annual banquet in honor of the State President was held in the Home of Sacramento Lodge, over 300 being present. Pres. Crowe's speech was broadcast over the State. Dancing followed the banquet.

At the second business session various committees made their reports, showing that marked progress had been made during the past year. The Antlers Lodge of San Francisco was introduced and put on its ritualistic work, initiating two candidates. The work was well done and called forth congratulations from Pres. Crowe.

In the afternoon the ladies were taken on a long auto ride to Sutter Fort and also to the place where the first gold was found in California. The annual Hi Jinks was held in the City Auditorium at 8:30 P.M., and proved to be splendid entertainment. After the close of the show the Eleven O'Clock Toast was given by E.R. Alex. Ashen of Sacramento Lodge. An informal ball followed in the Home of the Lodge. It was thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended.

At the final session, Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott of San Francisco addressed the assemblage under Good of the Order. At this time Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon was escorted into the meeting and given a royal reception. He addressed the members on affairs of the Order and explained what was being done to check Communistic tendencies.

The next order of business was the election of officers for the coming year, which resulted as follows: Pres., Milton R. Standish, San Bernardino; Vice-Pres.'s: J. A. Crawshaw, Hanford; Gerald B. Adrian, Santa Barbara; Harry D. Hyde, Santa Ana; R. B. Mueller, Susanville; Dr. John E. Bohm, San Francisco; M. M. Swisher, Watsonville. Trustees: Hal E. Willis, Sacramento; Frank H. Pratt, Porterville; Joseph K. Choate, Redlands; Secy., Richard C. Benbough, San Diego, and Treas., Edward J. Mahoney, Tulare. Following the installation of the officers, Pres. Standish made the following appointments: Chaplain, the Rev. David Todd Gillmor, Stockton; Tiler, Thomas S. Abbott, Los Angeles, and Sergeant-at-Arms, Aubrey N. Irwin, Glendale.

The entertainment throughout the Convention was lively and varied, with golf at the Del Paso Country Club for the ladies, a handball tournament at the Elks Athletic Annex, the parade with its uniformed bodies, bands and other exciting features, and the Grand Ball in the Municipal Auditorium.

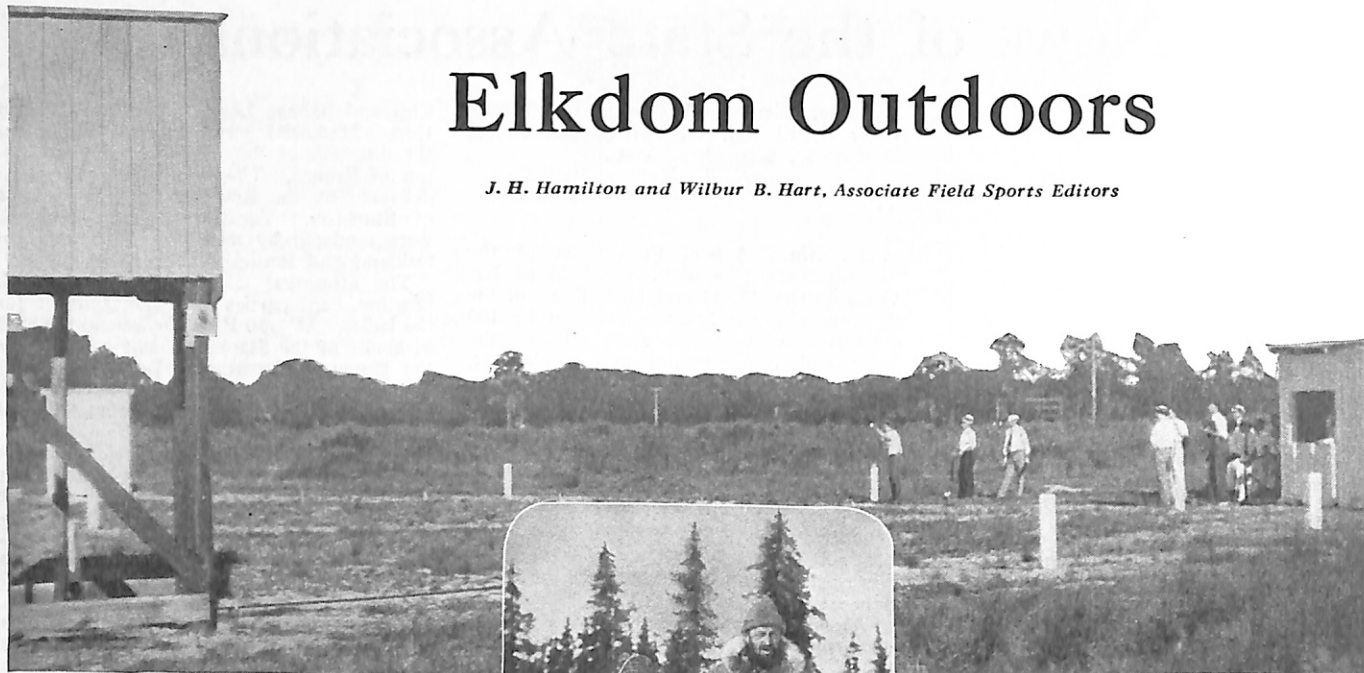
In the Drill Team contest, Oakland Lodge had the winning score—95.8—with Pasadena Lodge second, scoring 92.9. Bowling honors went to Santa Monica Lodge, with 2771 pins, and San Francisco Lodge, with 2533 pins, in the 875 Divisions. In the 825 Division, Alameda Lodge won with 2657 pins. Monrovia Lodge with 2629, Alameda Team No. 2 with 2569, and Long Beach Lodge with 2226, won 2nd, 3rd and 4th prizes respectively.

The Board of Trustees named Santa Monica as the place of meeting in 1935. An address by Pres. Standish closed what was one of the most worth while and enjoyable Conventions ever held by the California Association.

Richard C. Benbough, State Secy.

Elkdom Outdoors

J. H. Hamilton and Wilbur B. Hart, Associate Field Sports Editors



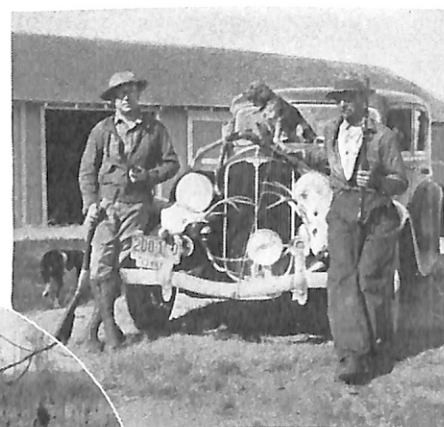
Above: Elks Gun and Skeet Club of Ocala, Fla., Lodge, located at Silver Springs. The Club was recently opened to the shooting public. It is equipped with Western skeet traps



Above: George Lingle of McKees Rocks, Pa., Lodge with the horns of a twenty-four point Moose which he killed a short time ago at Tamarack Lake, Quebec



Above: John R. Lowden of Ballard, Wash., with a fine sheep trophy killed at Chickaloon, Alaska. Note his Eskimo dog



Above: Henry Enders of Ashland, and Lester DeArmand of Bend, Ore., with two splendid mule deer taken near Lakeview



Above: W. H. Cooper of Parkersburg, W. Va., with his shooting dog, "Dick," pointing quail. Cooper's friends say the dog is for sale—for ten cents a hair but only one hair to a person. Judging from his size it's going to be some time before he is sold



Above: A. E. Steiner of Scotts Bluff, Neb., Lodge and A. Bunnell and Fred Barnes of North Platte with their limit of pheasants taken on the opening day near Brule, Neb. Nebraska is apparently an ideal spot for the ring necks this season. The birds look like nice plump ones, too



Above: William Bailey of Lisbon, N. H., keeps Lisbon's hunters' guns in condition. With him are three foxes that he bagged with the help of his capable gun dog, "Bruce"



Left to Right, Above: Jim Hughes, E. C. Feasel, W. T. Lipfert, Harvey Gohn, and B. M. Johnson of De Land, Fla., Lodge with a single day's catch of fine black bass

The fish were taken near De Land, the largest weighing 10½ lbs. Florida bass fishing ranks second to none according to this group of tried and true Izaak Waltons



F. A. Burgard of New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge with a splendid 51-lb. channel bass caught at Chincoteague Island off the coast of Virginia. This locality also affords unusually fine salt water fishing



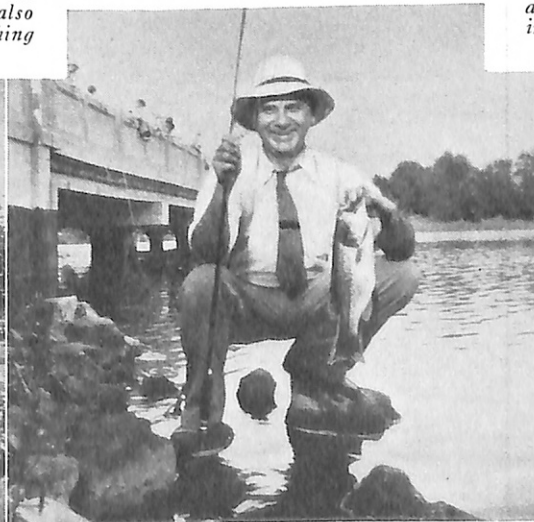
Further proof of the bass fishing found near De Land, Fla., is the 14-pound large mouth beauty shown above. We refuse to commit ourselves, however, as to whether the young lady in the case was herself the actual fisherwoman



Fred Overbaugh of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge with a 6¾-lb. black bass caught at Yankee Lake, N. Y. He took 60 bass and pickerel—all in the course of an intensive three-week summer fishing trip



Robert Ingersoll of Rochester, N. Y., Lodge with an 8½-lb. and a 6¼-lb. wall eyed pike caught recently at Bobs Lake, Ontario, Quebec



Charles C. Willisford of Springfield, Mo., Lodge won opening day honors on bass at Lake McDaniel with the three-pounder shown above. The bass were taken on a 6-ounce fly rod



Fred Hernstorf of Yonkers, N. Y., Lodge with a 5½-lb. black bass caught in Yankee Lake, N. Y., while he was vacationing at Gregory's

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 26)

DeLand, Fla., Lodge Honors State Pres. Hale and Others

Caspian Hale, of New Smyrna, Pres. of the Fla. State Elks Assn., and other Assn. officers were paid a special honor by DeLand, Fla., Lodge, No. 1463, when "Florida State Association Night" was observed. E.R. Murray Sams opened the meeting and conducted the initiation ceremonies performed for a class of 12 candidates called the "Caspian Hale Class."

Mr. Hale delivered the principal address of the evening. Other prominent Elks present were Past Pres.'s L. F. Chapman and Frank E. Thompson, Vice-Pres. G. W. Spencer, and Cary D. Landis. All the visiting Exalted Rulers and Past Exalted Rulers present were called upon for brief remarks.

Lodges represented at the meeting besides DeLand were New Smyrna, Cocoa, Sanford, Daytona Beach, Eustis and Lake City. Of a total attendance of about one hundred, 36 visitors were present. A chicken pilau supper was served by the Lodge at the close of the meeting.

Items of Interest about Minot, N. D., Lodge

At a September meeting of Minot, N. D., Lodge, No. 1089, 25 members were reinstated by ballot, and announcement was made by E.R. Gailen Frosaker that many more delinquent members had indicated their intention of making application for reinstatement. About 125 cards were passed out to those in attendance, and each member wrote down the names of two men he believed would make good Elk timber. They were to be called upon by the Committee that is functioning for this purpose, and invited to submit applications.

In a straw vote to decide a proposed change of meeting night from Saturday to some other night, an overwhelming majority was returned in favor of Friday. Mr. Frosaker has asked each Past Exalted Ruler of Minot Lodge for a picture of himself to be framed and hung in the Lodge Room.

Raymond C. Dobson, P.D.D.

Allentown, Pa., Lodge Conducts Annual Outing

More than 150 couples danced and played cards recently at the annual outing of Allentown, Pa., Lodge, No. 130, and its Ladies Auxiliary, in Lehigh Community Park, Fogelsville. The day also marked the 33rd wedding anniversary of P.E.R. A. L. Knauss and his wife who is Treasurer of the Auxiliary. In recognition of the event gifts were presented to Mr. and Mrs. Knauss by E.R. William McCollom who also brought anniversary greetings from the Lodge.

Bridge, five-hundred and pinocle were played preceding the dance program. The Entertainment Committees of the Lodge and the Auxiliary combined their efforts to make the affair one of the most delightful of parties. Mrs. H. W. Wiltberger, Pres. of the Auxiliary, heads the women's group, and Calvin Bartholomew is Chairman of the Lodge Committee.

P.D.D. J. G. Thumm

News of Williamsport, Pa., Lodge

On Sunday, Sept. 2, the Antlers Country Club members of Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, No. 173, held a reunion for members of all the Lodges of the North Central District of Pennsylvania. The affair was strictly stag, but each member was allowed to bring a

friend. A fine representation from the various Lodges was present, and all expressed themselves as having had a good time.

The famous Elks Band of No. 173, consisting of 35 pieces, was present and livened up the picnic. Baseball and quoits were indulged in. Lunch was served every two hours during the afternoon and evening. The event proved to be one of the most successful picnics held in the section in many years.

Thursday evening, Sept. 20, was a gala night for the members of No. 173, for G. Earle Hoffer, of Bellefonte Lodge, the newly-appointed District Deputy for the North Central District, made his first official visit to Williamsport Lodge. The evening was known as Past District Deputies Night, invitations being sent to all the Past District Deputies of the District. While Lodge was in session, the ladies, who were also invited, played cards. Immediately following the session, the members and their friends were entertained in the Grill where dancing was enjoyed. A platter luncheon was served. Seven candidates were initiated during the business session.

William V. Welker, Correspondent

De Soto, Mo., Lodge Entertains D. D. Dickbrader

At a recent regular meeting, De Soto, Mo., Lodge, No. 689, entertained District Deputy J. H. Dickbrader and seven members from his home Lodge, Washington, Mo., No. 1559. Mr. Dickbrader made the usual inspection of the Lodge records and the Home. In addition to the presence of the District Deputy and his fellow members, State President E. J. Martt and State Secretary C. Lew Gallant, together with four members of St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, No. 9, were at the meeting.

One candidate was initiated into the Order to commemorate the occasion. After the Lodge meeting, a pleasant social hour followed in the banquet hall under the supervision of George F. Blank, Chairman of the House Committee.

A. F. Karte, Sec'y.

News of Canton, O., Lodge

Five hundred Elks and their guests attended the annual clam bake of Canton, O., Lodge, No. 68. Put on under the direction of E.R. Joseph W. Fitzgerald and L. E. Strong, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, this was the most successful affair of its kind, both socially and financially, in the history of the Lodge.

Six new members were initiated into No. 68 recently, and a number of other candidates are now on the waiting list. A six-day rehabilitation campaign, under the direction of E. W. Hilliard, brought back 87 former members.

Visiting Elks are cordially invited to attend the Lodge's Saturday night parties at which entertainment, dancing and refreshments are provided at a very nominal cost. This invitation is, of course, also extended to all members of Canton Lodge and their families.

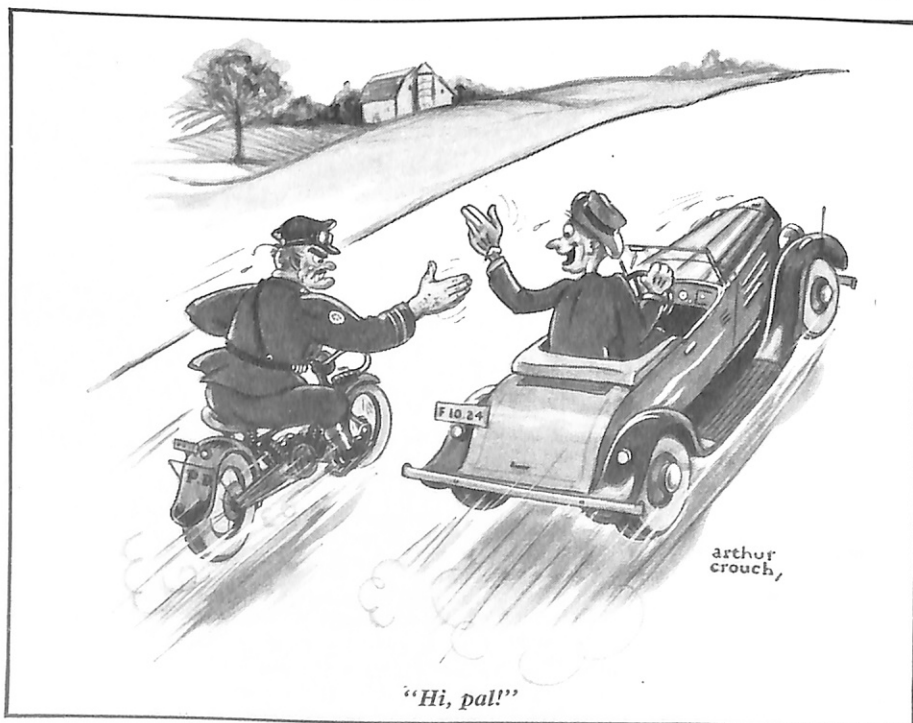
A. H. Schaub

D.D. Kehoe Visits New Bern, N. C., Lodge

New Bern, N. C., Lodge, No. 764, held one of its most interesting and largely attended meetings in recent years when D.D. Thomas B. Kehoe, Sr., of North Carolina, East, made his official visit to his home Lodge. Large delegations of visiting Elks from Wilmington and Washington, N. C., were present, including Past Grand Inner Guard Harry T. Paterson, D.D. Tom C. Daniels and P.D.D. C. A. Little, who were officially welcomed by E.R. Louis N. Howard.

A class of 11 candidates was initiated with an impressive ceremony, during which the Thanatopsis was delivered by Treas. T. B. Kehoe, Jr. Mr. Kehoe, Sr., addressed the Lodge, emphasizing adherence to the program of Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon. Following the closing of Lodge, refreshments and entertainment were furnished under the direction of the Lodge Activities Committee.

Billy Arthur, Correspondent



"Hi, pal!"

Should the Profit System Be Destroyed?

(Continued from page 10)

INDUSTRY, to repeat, has pulled us out of every depression. I believe that it will pull us out of this one and in an unexpected way. Sound business rests on the exchange of goods, not only between the different sections of industry but also between agriculture and industry. The farm has reached the point where it has to be reorganized in a drastic fashion, and I think the reorganization of the farm to an industrial basis will bring in another era of great prosperity. By reorganizing the farm, I do not mean the mere putting of a lot of machinery on the farms as they now are. That would accomplish nothing at all. I mean the basic reorganization of the farm so that it will become a part of industry by supplying in a large measure the raw materials that industry uses. If industry wants the farmer to be its customer, then it must learn to be the farmer's customer.

I believe that industry and agriculture are natural partners. Agriculture suffers from lack of a market for its product. Industry suffers from a lack of employment for its surplus men. Bringing them together heals the ailments of both. I see the time coming when the farmer not only will raise raw materials for industry, but will do the initial processing on his farm. He will stand on both his feet—one foot on the soil for his livelihood; the other in industry for the cash he needs. Thus he will have a double security. That is what I am working for.

The business of supplying food is no longer great enough to give the farmers of the country a livelihood. Once upon a time, man was chiefly concerned with getting enough to eat. The raising, exporting and importing of foods was the greatest of world occupations. Improvements in seeds and methods of farming have demonstrated to nations that they need not pay great

transport charges for food but can raise their needs at home. That is a step in the right direction, for it serves to cheapen food. But for the farmer it is the signal for readjustment to the new conditions.

Some would persuade him that a way can be found to restore the old conditions. That, fortunately, is not so. The way out is, as always, in the direction of progressive change, which will lead to a greater and more solid income than the farmer has ever earned. No laws can stop the progress, once the farmer discovers that he can make more money expanding the use of his land than by limiting it. He can expand the use of his land by linking with industry to raise that which industry requires. And farmers always have been quick to grow the most profitable crop. The farmers are the most independent and resourceful citizens that we have. They are accustomed to rely on themselves.

I AM NOT speaking from books. I am speaking from experience. For many years we have been working on this problem at Dearborn. For fifteen years we have spread small factories through the countryside, where the men could raise their food during the time that they were not in the factory. That is only one phase of the subject. We went on to discover which of our factory

needs could be filled from the farm. Everyone will agree that, if it be possible to grow products which would otherwise have to be mined, there is a national saving—for then we do not draw upon exhaustible national resources.

The scope of the experiments which we are conducting at the Edison Institute is too broad to set out here. We have found enough to know that the real subject has as yet been barely touched. Last year we had 7,400 acres planted to soy beans, on which, for the time being, we are concentrating. The beans are easy to grow and they yield an oil which is exceedingly valuable. We use it as a base for the enamel on our cars and we painted our buildings at the Chicago Fair with it. The growing of paint can be a new and profitable farm industry. The meal left over after the extraction of the oil is a base for the modern science of plastics. We press it into steering wheels, gear shift knobs and a whole series of light parts.

We are just beginning to find a few of the uses for only one product—the soy bean. We are going much further. The soy bean is rich in nitrogen, and we are working our way toward short-cutting many of the traditional farm operations. For instance, it may be possible so to arrange growths that they will not exhaust the soil—so that they will put back their own fertilizer. And we are about to try some experiments looking into the necessity for plowing. It may be that we can do away with some of the farm operations, in the same way that we have done away with so many of the factory operations.

The way is wide open to get out of all our national troubles and go upon a plane higher than ever before. Our care should be not to block the way out.

*Be Sure to Read and
ACT ON the Important
CHRISTMAS OFFER
on Page 5 of this Issue*

Certified Bilk

(Continued from page 16)

relieving Messrs. Tift and Watson of all necessity to make good in the event the scheme failed.

But the scheme did not fail. Starting slowly—and thereby causing Mr. Slappey some slight trepidation—interest in the lottery mounted rapidly. The thousand mark was reached and shortly thereafter the two thousandth ticket was sold. Men and women spent their extra dollars and, occasionally, pooled their resources. They thought it was a great joke, this method of evading the lottery laws, and they trusted Mr. Slappey.

The first two thousand dollars were deposited in a leading bank to the credit of the Cash Money Realty Corporation; beyond that, each dollar received was divided three ways and certain of Florian's creditors breathed more easily. He repaid small loans which had been made by such good friends as J. Caesar Clump, Epic Peters, Dr. Brutus Herring, Welford Potts and Eddie Fizz. Then he bought a new suit and a pair of cream-colored pants to match the incomparable ones sported by Martingale B. Tift.

From this new eminence, he gazed down

with some disdain upon Gideon Chips. He knew the big man hated him . . . but that hatred was now tintured with envy and so Florian was happy.

As the day for the drawing approached, excitement mounted. Each ticket holder regarded himself as a potential Croesus. With two thousand dollars safely in the bank, Florian found himself already possessed of slightly more than two hundred dollars profit. He did not begrudge an equal profit to each of his associates. It had been their idea in the first place and they had worked—after a fashion—to put the thing across. But Florian came to regard himself as a very considerable person; a financier of parts and if his manner became slightly strutting, his friends forgave him.

The morning of the great drawing, Mr. Slappey personally supervised the decoration of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise lodge rooms. Professor Aleck Champagne volunteered the services of his Jazzphony Orchestra for a little impromptu dancing after the great affair, reserving only the right to pass the hat at such intervals as he

deemed advisable. And Birmingham housewives wondered at the absence or indifference of cooks and maids and chauffeurs, never suspecting that each one held a lottery ticket that threatened riches.

The conversation about town varied only in minor detail:

"Jist boughten me another ticket fo' the lott'ry."

"What number you got?"

"Two thousan' six hund'ed an' seven."

"Humph! I got me a better number'n that."

"How come you say such?"

"Well, the other night I drempt I was fishin' on the Wa'ior river an' a tarpoon jumped at my hook, an'—"

"Quit, Foolish Feller; quit! They ain't no tarpoon in the Wa'ior."

"No? Well, there was in this dream, an' the book said . . ."

At one o'clock Mr. Slappey was driven to the bank by his friends, Martingale B. Tift and Spider Watson. Mr. Tift presented Mr. Slappey with a wallet—a nice, new

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wallet—in which he was to put the two thousand dollars cash which was destined to be turned over to the winner. They waited a half block away and Mr. Slappey entered the imposing building, timidly approached the teller's cage and presented a corporation check for two thousand dollars, requesting cash therefor.

Three minutes later he was summoned to the desk of an assistant cashier and questions were asked. The white gentleman listened to Florian's explanation, and then did a little talking on his own hook.

He made it clear that Florian might have the cash if he insisted, but he advised against carrying that much currency about on his person all afternoon and evening.

"But, Mistuh—I promised I'd give the winner the money."

"Okay," smiled the bank official. "But why not take a cashier's check which is a direct obligation of the bank and just the same as cash? Then you can bring the winner to the bank with you tomorrow morning and we'll give him the money."

It was not difficult to convince Mr. Slappey of the advisability of this course. He issued a corporation check in favor of the bank which came within two dollars and eleven cents of rendering the account of the Cash Money Realty Corporation entirely non-existent. In return, he was given a cashier's check made out to himself.

Florian nodded gratefully as he placed the official check in his wallet. "Thanky, White Folks," he said. "I sho' was perturbederated thinkin' 'bout cay'in' all that money aroun' with me."

The cashier smiled. "That check is the same as cash, you know."

"Yessuh, I know. But it don't seem like money."

Mr. Slappey rejoined his associates in the car and was driven toward Eighteenth street. Martingale B. Tift was effusively cordial.

"Got the money, Brother Slappey?"

Florian recalled the words of his cashier-friend—"The check is the same as cash, you know"—and he nodded.

"I got it, all right."

"In yo' wallet?"

"Uh-huh. Snug as a fried egg 'tween two hunks of bread."

"Well, well, well . . ." Mr. Tift beamed. "I s'pose you feel like a rich man, eh?"

"Yeh. But feels like ain't is. When I think of givin' all this money away to who wins the prize . . ."

"Tchk! Tchk! You got yo' profit, ain't you? Feller cain't have ev' thing."

Messrs. Tift and Watson escorted Florian to Bud's place for a large and satisfying lunch. They flanked him on either side and were exceedingly affectionate during the gastronomic proceedings. Spider Watson was particularly demonstrative, resting his hand on Florian's shoulder, inclining against the dapper young fashionplate to emphasize certain fairly unimportant remarks, leaning across Florian to address a loquacious Martingale S. Tift.

Mr. Slappey was in a seventh heaven of beatitude. Never before had these men unbent to such an extent. A warm glow of fraternal feeling suffused him and he declared that they was the two swellest guys he had ever known. Nothin' uppity 'bout them, neither. Just regular fellers which it was an honor to know.

They sat with him until almost four o'clock, plying him with conversation, coffee and barbecue. At that hour, Florian excused himself, promised to see them at the drawing and permitted himself to be chauffeured to Sis Callie's where he inaugurated the elaborate process of properly raimenting himself for the evening's festivities.

They waved gaily and drove off. But once around the corner, Mr. Martingale B. Tift slipped into the front seat alongside the

squat and most taciturn Spider Watson.

"Did you git that wallet, Spider?"

"Uh-huh."

"Where 'tis?"

"Heah in my pocket."

Mr. Tift chuckled. "That Florian Slappey sho' is dumb."

"Nemmin' is he dumb or not." Spider was an efficient person. "Thing fo' us to do is grab them suitcases an' exodust. Gwine take us sev-al hours to git across the State line an' lose ourse'ves."

They whirled up to Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel for Colored, paid their bill and walked out with suitcases which had been carefully packed for this emergency. And as they sped out of town via North Birmingham and thence onto the Nashville pike, Mr. Tift allowed himself one comment.

"I bet," he stated to his companion, "that Florian Slappey is gwine be turrible s-prised when he finds out we has eloped with the lott'ry money."

As a matter of fact, that ghastly discovery had not yet been made by Mr. Slappey. He was arraying himself with meticulous care, and using quantities of violet perfume.

At six o'clock Mr. Slappey completed his task. He surveyed himself in the mirror and sighed with satisfaction. Garbed in cream-colored flannel slacks, two-tone sport shoes, cerise belt, dark blue shirt and yellow necktie, he was a sartorial symphony. He slipped into a navy blue sport coat—one with huge pearl buttons—and paused to transfer the wallet from his other coat.

He plunged his hand into the inside pocket and a startled expression settled upon his countenance. He probed more deeply and surprise became apprehension. A further search—conducted in more frantic tempo—produced a sense of shock plus a premonition of disaster.

No question about it: The wallet was gone—and with it the cashier's check for two thousand dollars which had to be presented that night to the holder of the lucky number.

In this hour of direst distress, Florian sallied forth. He moved downtown at high speed, accelerating as he travelled. He was met at the hotel by the overlarge Sally Crouch who shook her head and murmured bad news.

"Brother Tift?" She placed plump hands on tremendous hips. "Shuh! Florian, him an' his shoffer depahted fum heah hours ago with their suitcases."

Florian felt definitely sickish. "D-o-o-did they say where to they was gwine?"

"Nope. Just paid their bill and skee-daddled."

Mr. Slappey staggered downstairs and scrutinized Darktoun with jaundiced eye. Messrs. Tift and Watson had vanished with his cashier's check. The gemmun at the bank had explained that the issuance of that check virtually closed out the corporation account. There was no more money. Mr. Slappey felt as though two hundred ten-dollar bills had been forcibly removed from his person. He remembered everything else the cashier had said: That this check was the same as cash, that the money no longer belonged to him. . . . He leaned against a telephone pole and gave vent to a groan. "Catastrophe," he groaned, "my name is Brother Slappey . . . an' I ain't a mite happy to meet you."

Unfortunately for Mr. Slappey, he was totally unfamiliar with banking procedure and practice. The cashier had informed him that the lost check was the same as money—and so Florian believed that he had lost two thousand dollars. He did not suspect that his endorsement would be necessary before the check could be cashed. He didn't know that that was what the friendly cashier had meant when he advised him to escort the winner to the bank next morning. All he knew was that he had been tricked, trapped, deluded and double-crossed. He

anathematized Martingale B. Tift and Spider Watson and drew mental pictures of what he would do to them if the opportunity ever afforded.

But that great moment, he understood, would never come. The two shrewd gentlemen had vanished for parts permanently unknown. For a few moments Florian considered notifying the police, but he didn't follow through on the idea. In the first place, he wasn't overly fond of the Law, and in the second place, he entertained an apprehension that perhaps they might ask too many questions and thus discover that he had been operating a lottery.

TIME was pressing. Less than one hundred minutes remained before he would be compelled to appear in person. The disaster was the most complete and bewildering that had ever descended upon him. This time there was no way out. He was caught in a trap—a poor, helpless quarry surrounded by hundreds of huntsmen who would become homicidal at the slightest hint that they had been tricked.

Acquaintances moved along the sidewalk and eyed Mr. Slappey speculatively. They observed that he seemed abysmally depressed and one of them questioned him. Mr. Slappey shook his head.

"Just kinda afflicted with big business," he explained. "I got plenty worriment these days."

"Nothin' wrong, is there, Florian?"

"Naaaah! What could be wrong?"

Realizing that he must not betray himself, he assumed an air of hollow jauntiness. He sauntered along Eighteenth street and down Fourth Avenue with his countenance fixed in a rigid and valiant smile. He moved southward, achieved the sanctuary of his room at Sis Callie's—and then flung himself on the bed.

His brain was clouded, his emotions in a turmoil. He felt that the worst misery he had ever before experienced could now be classified as ecstasy by comparison with this. The world was arming against him. In less than two hours he would be compelled to mount a large rostrum and throw himself on the mercy of a wolf-pack. And he knew that there would be no mercy.

THEN his brain started functioning: slowly at first, but with increasing speed. The situation was desperate, and desperate measures were required to meet it. Above all, he needed time: Time to think, time to plan. Time to escape, if need be. He felt sorry for himself. He had been so honest about this whole thing, had labored so diligently. And here he was, holding the bag. If only he had a few hours . . . just the fewest, meagerest hours . . .

And then the idea came. It was not a plan for escape nor a solution of the problem which tormented him. It was merely a wild, crazy scheme which promised respite until the morrow; a chance to dissipate the fury of the mob until another day should have dawned. The solace was slight, but it was enough to bring faint, forlorn hope to the troubled soul of the harassed realty company president.

Seating himself at a table, he labored long and earnestly over a blank check, endeavoring to make it as nearly as possible a duplicate of the one which the cashier at the bank had presented to him. Knowing nothing himself of cashier's checks, he realized that there was slim chance of the winner knowing anything either—unless perchance, it be some erudite person like Lawyer Evans Chew or Dr. Lijah Atcherson.

Mr. Slappey planned then to hold the drawing, to make the same speech to the winner that he would have made had not Martingale B. Tift and Spider Watson eloped with his cashier's check—and then to present his pitiful duplicate of the original

check. Of course, he had not the slightest idea that the bank would honor this check, or even consider doing so . . . but he did know that he would be safe until the following morning at nine o'clock. In addition, Florian knew he would then be dealing with an individual and not with a howling mob. And should one of his friends win the grand prize, Mr. Slappey felt that he might utilize the hours to plead himself into a position of comparative safety.

And so, at eight o'clock that night, armed with an imitation cashier's check, Florian Slappey fought his way through the tense and eager throng which packed the lodge rooms of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise and overflowed for a half block in each direction outside of its hospitable doors.

There were brief speeches for which Mr. Slappey was grateful. He stared down into the sea of upturned faces: faces which were friendly now but which might be bitterly hostile twelve hours hence. He had many friends there and many foes. . . .

THE great box was wheeled onto the rostrum, and Mr. Slappey rose. In a voice which trembled only slightly he told of his interview with the assistant cashier of the bank, and of that official's advice in favor of a cashier's check instead of currency. There were a few murmurs of protest, but amazingly few. More learned citizens nodded approval of the procedure and this satisfied the dissenters.

Then a tiny lad was shoed toward the platform—little Blackstone Commentary Chew, son and heir of Birmingham's foremost colored attorney. The youngster looked very dark and very frightened, and only the sight of his beaming parents in the fourth row kept him from bursting into tears.

Florian told him what to do. Then, for an awful ten seconds there was nothing to be heard but silence, and very little of that.

Master Blackstone Chew thrust excessively juvenile fingers into the huge box, fumbled for a few moments among the ticket stubs, selected one, withdrew it, and extended it to Florian Slappey. The silence was intense; spectators leaned forward on the edge of their chairs, scarcely daring to breathe. The ticket had been drawn. Someone—or so they thought—was richer by two thousand dollars.

Without glancing at the ticket, Florian passed it to the venerable Isaac Gethers, Grand Magnificent High Potentate of the Lodge. Isaac then edged close to Florian and together they inspected the number. Florian raised his voice.

"The number of the winnin' ticket," he announced, "is nine hund'ed an' eighty-seven!"

There was a deeper and more prolonged hush. Then a chorussed sigh. Then a murmur of disappointment. And then . . . above the scraping of chairs and buzz of comment . . . a deep, raucous bellow; a howl of glee;

a wild yell of pure unadulterated triumph: "I got it! Heah 'tis! I got the winnin' number!"

All eyes turned toward the huge, broad-shouldered figure which was fighting through the mob toward the rostrum. There was applause, starting with vague handclaps and crescendoing into a thunder of enthusiasm.

But Florian Slappey did not applaud. His eyes widened and seemed about to pop from his head. His complexion became pasty. His backbone turned to marrow. He groaned, "I might of knowed it! Disaster ain't never gwine leave me be!"

Gideon Chips leaped from the audience to the stage. His ebony countenance was split by a golden grin, his huge muscles

large man. He protested that he was more than slightly indisposed—which was the strict truth—and desired to be alone. But Gideon stuck closer than a leech.

MR. CHIPS accompanied Florian to Sis Callie's. He walked upstairs with Florian and waited while that gentleman opened the door of his room. With Florian he stepped inside.

And then the door shut. It slammed sharply, and Messrs. Slappey and Chips blinked into two stern dusky faces.

Spider Watson stood with his back against the door. Martingale B. Tift was in the middle of the room, near the golden oak table which Florian called his desk. And on that desk Mr. Slappey saw the cashier's check which had been issued to him that very afternoon. The genuine check. The check which was cashable for two thousand dollars.

Spider Watson spoke briefly and with authority. He designated the cashier's check.

"Endorse that," he ordered.

Florian's thoughts were chaotic, but he knew that he must pull himself together. Surely, out of all of this, salvation must come. He blinked—sparing for time.

"Says which?"

"Endorse that check."

"What kind of foolishment you talkin', Brother Watson?"

Spider's voice was fraught with danger. "That check is made out to you. It ain't no good until you write yo' name on the back. So git busy."

Now Mr. Slappey's brain was operating at top speed. He cast a glance at the reasuring bulk of Gideon Chips, he gratefully recalled Gideon's mouthings of friendship. And so Florian drew himself erect and spoke with grandeur, not untinged with contempt.

"How come I should sign my name on that check?" he inquired.

Spider was venomous. "On account I say so—tha's why. Us is gwine git the money."

"Oh, yeah?" Mr. Slappey felt himself in command of the situation. "That's what you think."

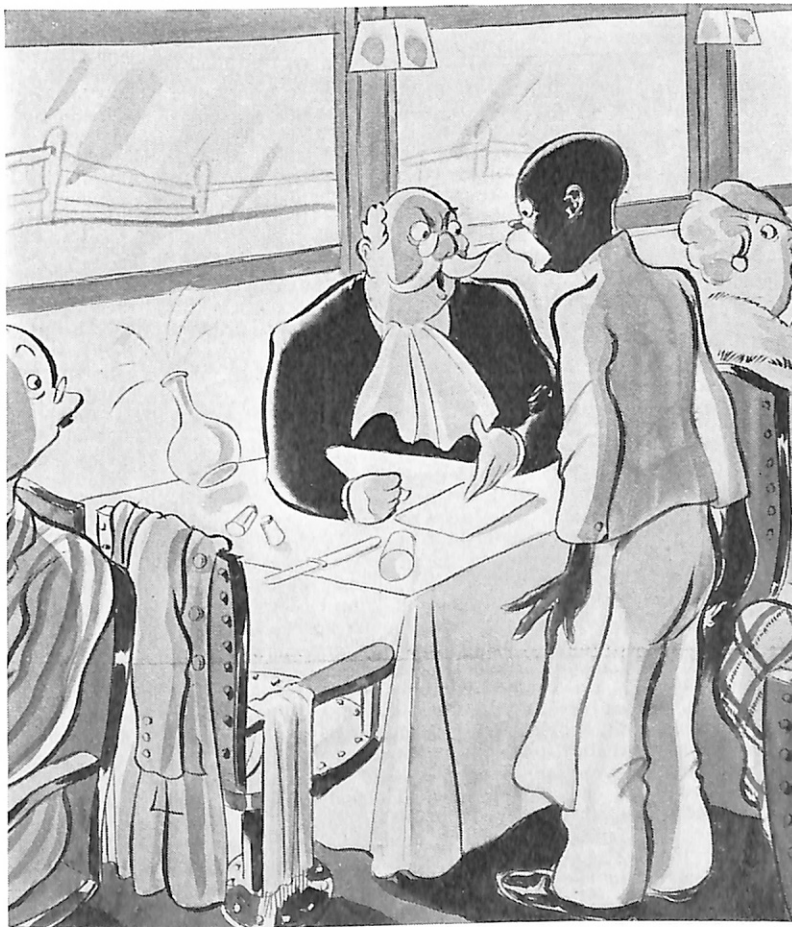
"Why you . . ." Spider started forward, but Florian halted him with a regal gesture.

"Cease fum advancin'," he commanded, "an' listen at me." He was feeling more sure of himself. "You-all two fellers thought you was puttin' somethin' over on me, di'n't you? You thought I was a sucker. Well, I wasn't. Tha's how come I di'n't take no money fum the bank today, thinkin' mebbe you was gwine grab it off me."

Florian paused, conscious of dramatic effect and of the friendly presence of Gideon Chips. Spider Watson said grimly, "Go ahead."

Florian went ahead. "You crave I should endorse that check, do you? Well, leave me tell you somethin'. Ise willin' to endorse

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Drawn by George Shanks

"I ordered a steak in Detroit—here it is Buffalo—don't tell me it isn't ready yet!"

were quivering. He yelled, "Hot diggity dawg! Ise rich!" And Mr. Slappey, gazing at him through an impenetrable fog of despair, realized that lilies were preparing to bloom in his vicinity.

The ensuing hour was interminable and nightmarish. Florian was vaguely conscious of crowds and conversation and congratulations and handshaking . . . and most vividly of all, of Gideon Chips' voluble protestations of undying friendship. Through all the welter of sound dripped Gideon's voice, apologizing to Mr. Slappey for past indignities, declaring that the hatchet was now—and forevermore would be—buried between them.

Mr. Slappey escaped. He moved moodily out of the hall and up the street. Nor was he less gloomy when a heavy hand fell heartily on his shoulder and Gideon Chips boomed an invitation for midnight supper. Florian tried to rid himself of the

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that an' ten mo' like it. On account of why . . .?" Mr. Slappey pulled his grandest bluff. "I'll endorse it on account that check ain't wuth nothin'. Not ary a cent!"

Spider looked doubtfully at Martingale B. and the gaze was returned in kind.

"How come it ain't?"

"Cause I figgered you-all wasn't nothin' but a pair of crooks, an' so I hidden the real check an' put that fake one in the wal-let."

He was superb. Magnificent. Daring. Spider asked a pertinent question.

"Where at is the ginuwine check?"

Mr. Slappey designated the herculean figure of Gideon Chips. "He's got it. He drewed the winnin' number an' I give him the check right away."

Spider turned his attention to Gideon. "You got that check?"

"I sho' has."

"Then I ast you: Does you give it to us, or does we take it off you?"

Mr. Chips was a large man and a courageous one.

"Try an' git it," he challenged. "Just try!"

They tried. They tried instantly. Spider made a frontal attack and Martingale B. Tift approached from the rear. Mr. Slappey withdrew to a neutral corner and eyed the hostilities with approval.

It was an elegant fight, albeit a surprising one. It became instantly apparent that Spider Watson, for all his lack of avoirdupois, packed the wallop of a mule in his right hand. His fist exploded against the jaw of Mr. Chips, and that large gentleman up-ended. Martingale B. Tift was on top of him when he hit the floor.

THE three combatants were exceedingly busy and Gideon, feeling the need for assistance, sent out a wild wail in Florian's direction. But Mr. Slappey had other ideas. He fiddled while the fighters burned.

Knowing that he was unobserved, he eased toward the table and slipped the real cashier's check between the pages of his book. Then he retreated to his corner again—to watch with approval the mayhem which was being scientifically committed upon the howling, struggling, squirming Mr. Chips.

This was balm to Florian. His mind flashed back to the evening when he had been flung ignominiously into a turbulent gutter by Gideon. This indeed was vengeance supreme, lacking only an appreciative audience.

It was Mr. Slappey's great moment: the moment in which he felt that mind—particularly a mind like his—could not fail to triumph over mere matter. Of course, had it appeared that Gideon had a chance of winning, Mr. Slappey would have flung his slender self into the fray and thus have annexed part of the glory. But it was clear that Messrs. Tift and Watson were expert combatants . . . and so Mr. Slappey was content to wait and to watch, and even to applaud silently.

Eventually Gideon was reduced to a helpless hulk. He lay sobbing on the floor, his countenance definitely the worse for wear. Spider ran expert fingers through the big man's pockets and produced the dummy check which Florian had perpetrated that afternoon. He and Martingale B. Tift inspected it and found it good. They rose, locked the door, put the key in a safe pocket and advanced upon Mr. Slappey.

"Sign it," snapped Spider.

Florian signed. He signed with gusto, inscribing a large curlicue below his name. He said, "Yo-all win. But if you knowed what I thought of you . . ."

"Shut up!" grated Mr. Watson. He retired to a corner with his confederate and they held a brief conference. Then they seated themselves in the two easy chairs.

"This time," commented Spider, "us ain't takin' no chances. We's gwine sit right heah with all two bofe of you ontill mawnin'. Then we's gwine leave this big ox go an' take you to the bank, Brother Slappey. We's gwine right in with you an' draw out the money. An' the fust minute you make a funny move—"

"Feller, I won't. I never felt un-funnier in my life."

The all-night vigil was tedious for Messrs. Tift and Watson, agonizing for Gideon Chips and delicious for Mr. Slappey. Of course Florian pretended to be unhappy, and he chided his former friends upon their addiction to dishonesty. Also he smiled secretly at Gideon's occasional outbursts in the course of which he made it clear that Mr. Slappey's future would not be unblemished by physical reprisal.

At nine o'clock the following morning, four weary men descended to the street and drove away in Spider Watson's car. Mr. Chips was taken into the country and deposited by the roadside, the conspirators knowing that it would take considerable time for him to walk back to the city and report the informal nature of his loss. Then, flanking Florian on either side, they returned to town, walked into the bank and to the teller's cage. Martingale B. Tift presented the check for payment. The teller glanced at it and walked away. Mr. Tift fidgeted uneasily, but was reassured by Florian's confident smile.

Two minutes later the assistant cashier came forward, followed by two large private detectives in impressive gray uniforms. He asked questions and Florian made a calm answer.

"Nossuh, that ain't no real check. These fellers is crooks, so I fixed 'em up a fake one. They stold it off me, an' I think they ought to be th'owed in the Big Rock."

Martingale B. Tift and Spider Watson essayed a dash for freedom. Florian tripped the former and both were grabbed by the bank detectives. Mr. Slappey posed before them and made one disdainful comment.

"Some day," he announced, "you-all is gwine understan' that my grammaw never had no foolish descendants."

He conferred briefly with the assistant cashier and moved into the brilliant sunlight of a perfect Alabama day. There remained only one task to be performed.

Florian Slappey was an honest man and a conscientious one. He had organized the Cash Money Realty Corporation in good faith, and much as he loathed and despised Mr. Gideon Chips he now had but one idea in the world—to present to Mr. Chips the valid cashier's check for two thousand dollars. He intended to do this with gestures, to impress upon Mr. Chips the impregnability of his own honesty and thereby, perhaps, to dissuade him from further attempted manslaughter.

FILLED with piety and high purpose, laying great plans to enrich his particular *bete noir* by a full two thousand dollars, Mr. Clappey swung toward Sis Callie Flukers' boarding house. A weary and disconsolate figure rose from the curb to greet him.

Gideon Chips said, "Now I got you, Florian Slappey."

Florian smiled cheerily. "Dawg bite me if you ain't. I sho' is glad to see you."

Gideon growled. "No you ain't. You never was ungladder to see nobody."

"Tut-tut! Always you th'ow away words, Brother Chips. Now listen . . . I crave you should come right upstairs with me an' git that two thousan' dollars you won in the lott'ry las' night."

Gideon blinked. "You got two thousan' cash dollars upstairs?"

"I got just the same as. I got a ginuwine cashier's check fum the bank, an' all you got to do—"

"All I got to do is bust you right in the eye, tha's all. If you think Ise gwine assept any fake checks—"

"Silliment you talk. This ain't no fake check."

"Humph! Reckon you think I don't use my haid fo' nothin' 'cept havin' headaches, don't you?" Mr. Chips dropped a heavy hand on Florian's shoulder. "Git this, Two Bit—an' git it straight: I seen with my own eyes when you give the good check to them two crooks. An' I ain't got no mind to let you fool me with no imitation one."

FLORIAN shook his head and sighed. Trailed by the grumbling Gideon he walked upstairs. He took the genuine check from the book, endorsed it and extended it toward the big man.

"Ise tellin' you that this check is ginuwine," he explained in the patient voice he might have used with a small child. "It's all signed an' ev' thing. It means the bank will give you two thousan' dollars cash money, an'—"

"Hush fum talkin'!" Gideon came close and towered over Florian. "Listen while I say somethin'. Ise had plenty fumadiddles fum you an' I ain't gwine stan' fo' no mo'. Ise gwine slap you right down, or else."

"Or else what?"

"You got to gimme real money an' not no checks."

"But this check is good."

"Oh, yeah? Well, Ise tellin' you this: I done heard too much about that check a'ready, an' does you mention it again, Ise gwine tromple you."

Mr. Slappey sighed. "You is askin' fo' this, Brother Chips. What is it you crave?"

"Money."

"How much?"

"How much you got?"

"That depen's. Ise tellin' you fo' the las' time that check is good, but if you don't believe me . . ."

"I don't." Gideon considered the matter. "Could you gimme half?"

"One thousan' dollars? Feller, you is foolish."

"I ain't so foolish that I don't know you got that much money, Florian Slappey." Mr. Chips pressed what he considered an advantage. He said, "You git that thousan' dollars fo' me an' we calls it square. An' no double-crossin', either."

Florian resented this distrust. "I ain't aimin' to fool you on this, Gideon. Givin' you a thousan' dollars fo' that check is the fondest thing I'm of." Mr. Slappey placed the check in his pocket. "Le's go."

ON the way downtown Mr. Slappey explained again that the check was worth two thousand dollars and that this money belonged in its entirety to Gideon . . . and once again Gideon threatened him with dismemberment. A thousand dollars, he insisted—or nothing. Mr. Slappey leaned against a lamp post and wrote out an agreement between himself and Mr. Gideon Chips by the terms of which Mr. Chips consented to accept one thousand dollars cash in lieu of any and all claims against Mr. Slappey—and most specifically those claims arising from the ownership of a certain lottery ticket. The brief document further stated that the deal was being concluded in this manner at the suggestion of Mr. Chips.

Gideon signed the agreement and held it. Ten minutes later Florian entered the bank, leaving Gideon outside. He conferred with the assistant cashier, deposited the cashier's check to his own personal account, withdrew one hundred crisp, new ten-dollar bills and strutted from the bank.

"Got the money?" inquired Gideon.

"Yeh. But befo' I give it to you—"

"If you mention that check again, Ise gwine bust you wide open."

(Continued on page 42)

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"A' right. Heah's yo' thousan' dollars. Now gimme that paper you signed."

While Mr. Chips laboriously counted his money, Mr. Slappey indulged in a bit of ecstatic contemplation. He had made two hundred dollars legitimate profit, he had seen Martingale B. Tift and Spider Watson first avenge the beating inflicted upon him by Gideon, and then had helped them on their way to jail. Now his worst enemy was presenting him with one thousand dollars extra profit in spite of Florian's best

efforts to keep him from doing so. His conscience was clear and his heart thumping with happiness.

Mr. Gideon Chips was pleased, too. He tenderly folded his money and put it away. Then he shoved his face very close to that of Mr. Slappey and made a brief speech.

"I reckon," he boasted, "that this'll teach you to think twice befo' you try to put somethin' over on me, Florian Slappey."

Mr. Slappey shrugged expressively.

"Gideon," he said, "if I was really to think twice, you'd be bankrupt."

Not Guilty!

(Continued from page 13)

The Court, under the influence of the Governor, placed the bail at 800 pounds, which it quite well knew Zenger was unable to raise at the time. The lawyers did succeed, however, in obtaining greater liberty for Zenger, with the result that he edited the *Journal* from his cell with the assistance of his devoted wife who came to see him daily. His first statement from prison is without doubt one of the most pathetic editorials written in the history of newspaperdom in America. It reads as follows:

"To all Subscribers and Benefactors who take my weekly Journall. Gentlemen, Ladies and Others:

"As you last week were Disappointed of my Journall, I think it Incumbent upon me, to publish my Apology which is this. On the Lord's Day, the 17th of this Instant, I was Arrested, taken and imprisoned in the common gaol of this City, by Virtue of a Warrant from the Governor, and the Honorable Francis Harrison, Esq; and others in Council of which (God willing) Yo'll have a Coppy whereupon I was put under such Restraint that I had not the Liberty of Pen, Ink, or Paper, or to see, or speak with People, till upon my complaint to the Honorable, the Chief Justice, at my appearing before him upon my *Habias Corpus* on the Wednesday following. Who discountenanced that Proceeding, and therefore I have had since that time the Liberty of speaking through the Hole of the Door, to my Wife and Servants by which I doubt not yo'll think me sufficiently excused for not sending my last weeks Journall, and I hope for the future by the Liberty of Speaking to my Servants thro' the Hole of the Door of the Prison, to entertain you with my Journall as formerly. And am your obliged Humble Servant."

IN August, 1735, after nine months' imprisonment, Zenger was brought to trial. As previously mentioned his two counsellors, Alexander and Smith, had been disbarred by the Governor from practising in any New York Court. But what seemed to be a great misfortune for Zenger turned out to be his salvation, for these very astute gentlemen went to Philadelphia and enlisted the interest of Andrew Hamilton, the greatest attorney of his day, who had been practising law in the Colonies for nearly sixty years. The retaining of Hamilton as defense counsel was kept a secret. When he appeared in the courtroom on the opening day of the trial the Cosby forces were filled with consternation and Zenger's friends were overjoyed.

The jury was composed of an impartial group of representative New York citizens who were determined to decide on the evidence presented, without fear of consequences. Some fine old American names appear on that jury list. Thomas Hunt, Sam-

uel Weaver, John Bell, Stanley Holmes, John Goelet and Benjamin Hildreth were the most prominent.

The charges of the Crown stated that John Peter Zenger was a *seditious* person who frequently printed and published *false* news and seditious libels against the King and his Majesty's Governor of New York.

Prosecutor Harrison built his case on the old English law which had been operative in England under the Hanoverian tyrants, the basis of which was "the greater the truth, the greater the libel." He contended that even though the statements contained in the seditious journals of Zenger *might* be true, yet they were treasonous actions against the Crown and incited the people to disrespect of government.

Hamilton, in his masterly defense, went on to prove by frequent references to the decisions of some of the greatest jurists in England that the case rested solely upon the question as to whether the printed statements of Zenger were false or true, and that the criminality of libel lay only where a statement was false. He further contended that it devolved upon the prosecution to prove that any statements printed by Zenger were false, and furthermore that this was the sole question for the jury to decide. The veteran attorney on several occasions drew Chief Justice De Lancey into controversies which exposed his ignorance of the law and his unfitness to judge the case.

Hamilton's concluding appeal to the jury is one of the classics of American judicial history. In closing he said:

"I hope to be pardoned, Sir, for my zeal upon this occasion: it is an old and wise caution, that when our neighbour's house is on fire, we ought to take care of our own. For though, blessed be God, I live in a government where liberty is well understood, and freely enjoyed; yet experience has shown us all that a bad precedent in one government is soon set up for an authority in another; and therefore I cannot but think it mine, and every honest man's duty, that we ought at the same time to be upon our guard against power, whenever we apprehend it may injuriously affect ourselves or our fellow-subjects.

"I am truly very unequal to such an undertaking, on many accounts. As you see, I labour under the weight of many years, and am bourne down with great infirmities of body: yet old and weak as I am, I should think it my duty, if required, to go to the utmost part of the land where my service could be of any use in assisting to quench the flame of prosecutions upon informations, set on foot by the government, to deprive a people of the right of remonstrating, and complaining of, the arbitrary attempts of men in power. Men who injure and oppress the people under their administration, provoke them to cry out and

complain; and then make that very complaint the foundation for new oppressions and prosecutions. I wish I could say there were no instances of this kind.

"But to conclude; the question before the court and you, gentlemen of the jury, is not of small or private concern; it is not the cause of a poor printer, nor of New York alone, which you are trying: No! It may, in its consequences, affect every freeman that lives under a British government on the main of America. It is the best cause; it is the cause of liberty! And I make no doubt but your upright conduct, this day, will not only entitle you to the love and esteem of your fellow-citizens; but every man who prefers freedom to a life of slavery, will bless and honour you, as men who have baffled the attempt of tyranny, and who, by an impartial and uncorrupt verdict, have laid a noble foundation for securing to ourselves, our posterity, and our neighbors, that, to which nature and the laws of our country have given us a right,—the liberty—both of exposing and opposing arbitrary power by speaking and writing truth."

PICTURE again that stuffy courtroom at the conclusion of Hamilton's appeal on that hot day in August in 1735. The assembled crowd has just paid the grand old man the perfect tribute of silence at the close of his speech—a speech so powerful that, even as the twelve men of the jury file out, it seems obvious to every person in the room what the verdict will be. Yet the spectators move restlessly. Long moments drag by. Finally there is a stir at the door.

"Oyez, Oyez," cries the bailiff. Everyone rises as the jury files into the box. The foreman, facing the scowling Judge, announces the verdict in one brief sentence. "We find the defendant, John Peter Zenger, not guilty." *Not guilty of publishing false, scandalous and seditious libels against the Crown.*

In spite of the apparent displeasure of the Judge, the crowd breaks into loud cheers and the cry is taken up by the mob outside the courtroom and re-echoed down the street called Broadway.

And so the fight for the freedom of the press in America was won. The shouts which rose from the throats of the Colonists on that day two hundred years ago were the cheers of a multitude that sensed the far-reaching consequences of the famous decision which settled the right of juries to find a verdict in libel cases based upon both the facts and the law, in contradiction to the custom of the times which was "the greater the truth the greater the libel."

It took the courts of England fifty years to catch up with that decision—a verdict which has been called "the greatest victory encompassed in America by the democratic spirit before the signing of the Declaration of Independence and the one that made all others possible."

So hail and farewell to John Peter Zenger who, like some of the other forgotten heroes of this series, passed on to an unknown grave.

Little is to be learned about him after his release except that he continued on as a publisher and printer of sundry books and periodicals. Eleven years later, on the very same day as that of his famous trial, we read this notice in the *New York Evening Post* of August 4, 1746: "On Monday evening last, departed this Life, Mr. John Peter Zenger, Printer, in the 49 Year of his Age; he has left a Wife and six Children behind."

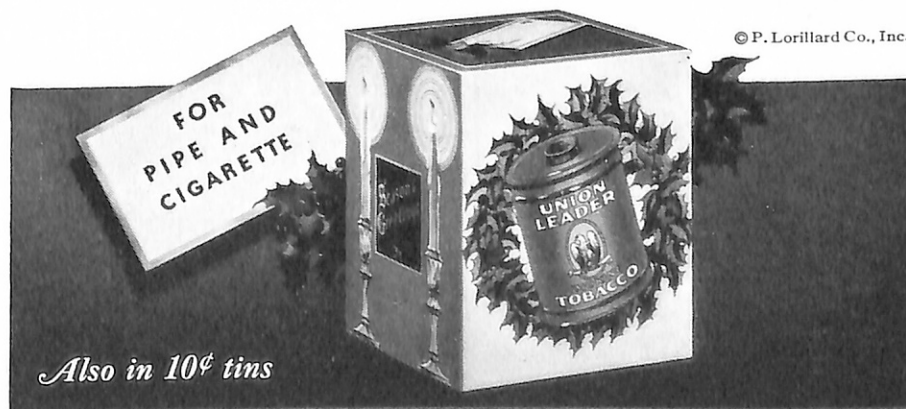
The venerable *Post* neglected to state that he also left as a heritage the inspiration to a greater patriotism and a record of moral courage which might well be emulated by the news men of our present day.

How to please a man on Christmas morning



You may be sure that *others* will give him unreadable books and unwearable haberdashery. Let them! Here's a gift that's different! A warm, friendly, personal gift that you can *watch* him enjoy—from the moment he tears away the

festive Christmas wrappings. The tobacco inside—a generous Humidor-full—is the mellowest Burley that ever ripened beneath the Kentucky sun. It *looks* expensive—but don't let that deceive you. It costs no more than a very modest cravat!



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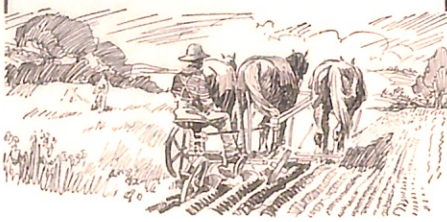
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Go South, Young Man!

(Continued from page 19)

know that its sunshine is more uniformly glittery, its beaches more seductive, its golf courses more lushly inviting and certain of its fighting fish more hungry than at other times.

But folks are funny. Particularly winter visitors. It's "smart" to be in Florida in that winter season which starts in January and ends in March. At any other time it's not smart—at least in the social sense—although the days are just as delightful, the tan just as rich and the proceeds in health and sport even more plentiful.

The off-season weeks and months are those the native Floridian really enjoys. The winter tourist is his money crop. When it's harvested the native's sigh is not unmixed with relief such as that of the workman at the end of a busy day—or more likely such as that of the showman at the conclusion of a profitable carnival. It's time for *HIS* fun, then.

The sedate Thomas Pancoast, perennial President of the Miami Beach Chamber of Commerce, never would join the personages it was his pleasure and privilege to entertain in a January plunge in the June-tempered surf off Miami Beach. Not him! It may have looked like summer to the visitor from the north. But it was winter on the calendar. He waited until the summer months to do his swimming.

Sunshine and the social distinction of the winter "season" are two of the principal lures. The dowager longs to display her ample bulk in flowered frocks to the elite and elect along Cabana Walk. The business man rather fancies his shape in bathing shorts or yachting flannels. The young folks likewise. There's plenty of action for these—on the beach, at the ringside of the Beach and Tennis or the Embassy, at the dog races, or in the magically beautiful setting of Hialeah Park, trying to whoop a thoroughbred across the wire in front.

BUT the sport vista is one that gets many who don't care a hoot for the social angle. Golf through the winter months on championship courses. Tennis. Polo for those who can afford to bring their strings of ponies south in the months when northern fields and pastures are snow-banked.

And then, of course, the deep-sea fisherman—a bug who is never cured and never wants to be, once infected. He's the man whose ardor will keep him quiet in a form-fitting boat off the shallows of the South Florida keys for two days, speaking only in guarded whispers, in the hope of snaring that phenomenal battler, the bone-fish. Once hooked and exhausted through his rushes of a hundred yards or more, and brought to boat, you can have him mounted for your favorite café up North. He's no good eating.

Or if such a fisherman going out in the stream or down on the reefs has the good luck to arrange a date with Cap'n Bill Hatch, he can land sail-fish, bonita, the vicious barracuda, or heavy-pulling amberjack until he's dog-tired from hauling them in.

Cap'n Bill, you may remember, was the skipper whom President-elect Hoover sought as a guide on that fishing trip he took just before his inauguration. Cap'n Bill made the appointment but Mr. Hoover changed his arrival date, coming a week later than he had first planned. For that week, Bill had a charter with an old customer, a Chicagoan. He wouldn't cancel it. Not even for the President. Larry Smits calls him "The man who no'ed Hoover."

Since that illustrious adventurer Ponce De Leon discovered that finger of land amid tropical seas, on Easter Sunday, and called it Florida, "land of flowers," five men have been outstanding in its development. They are:

Henry M. Flagler, one of the five original founders of Standard Oil—the first of the pioneers to appreciate the lure of the land of sun-tan.

Henry Plant, who took the westward route with his railroads to Tampa and the Gulf.

Carl Graham Fisher, who made a fortune early in life and dumped it into Miami Beach—a spot which he created and watched grow into the land of his dreams.

George Merrick, the son of a southern parson who made, out of his father's orange grove, one of the greatest real estate developments of all times—Coral Gables.

And more recently, Henry L. Doherty. Flagler, whose remains now lie in the City of his first love, St. Augustine, retired with a fortune which he poured into the furtherance of his great urge to move people into the place of perpetual sunshine.

He first bought a jerk-water railroad line running between Jacksonville and St. Augustine. Then he startled the natives of that sleepy little town by constructing two large and beautiful hotels. He filled in land, built streets and made St. Augustine the first outstanding Florida resort.

But it seemed that there were a few chilly days bothering the customers and Flagler not only looked south but went south. First to Ormond where he built a hotel to accommodate the folks who dared ride his rails down into a still strangely tropical land. Then he made a bold stroke—one which caused his former business associates in the North to think him a bit balmy. Where the Gulf Stream touched a land wealthy with coconut palms he built the largest wooden hotel in all of the land—the Royal Poinciana—down in the midst of a pile of white sand which was to become Palm Beach, home of the winter blue-bloods.

Even before his gigantic hotel was finished he looked further south and ran his optimistic rails down into Miami and later to the southernmost point of the United States—over small tropical keys and parts of the Ocean itself—into Key West. Miami was little more than an Indian trading post some seventy miles south of Palm Beach, but Flagler built the rambling Royal Palm Hotel beside the colorful waters of Biscayne Bay. Palm Beach was his favorite, but Miami was to live up to its early title, "The Magic City."

In the meantime Plant was doing similar development work on the west coast, but not in the extravagant or optimistic way of Flagler.

Now let's shift the scene for a moment to Indianapolis where an energetic bicycle merchant and a man who could juggle figures were going about the business of being early successes. Carl Fisher was selling his partner, the late James Allison, on the idea that acetylene gas could be cornered in a tank, mounted on the running board of a new contraption called the automobile, and piped in such a way as to give light at night. The two Hoosiers were soon manufacturing the Prest-o-Lite tank. Capitalized at only \$10,000, Fisher and Allison are said to have sold out for ten million shortly before electric lights came to automobiles. Both retired with their lives be-



Above: Orlando's hospitable Country Club offers a variety of recreational activities—all in a typical Florida setting



Right: The magnificent Miami-Biltmore Hotel at night. Here a brilliant assemblage of the Nation's notables meet every winter



Above: This semi-tropical highway parallels the St. Johns River, whose fertile deltas do much to irrigate Lake and Volusia Counties, making them among the best orange and grapefruit localities in Florida. One terminus of the road is De Land, Volusia's County Seat, in the heart of the finest orange country

Right: One of Florida's natural wonders is Wakulla Springs, near Tallahassee. The flow from its cavernous mouth is 146,000 gallons of crystal clear fresh water per minute. The Springs reach a depth of 185 feet and cover many acres. Through glass-bottomed boats brilliantly colored tropical fish are visible

Florida Sun and Scenes of Beauty

Right: The Soldiers Memorial on the harbor front at Jacksonville. This North-eastern Florida City is the largest lumber port on the Atlantic coast. It also has the second largest naval stores market anywhere and the second largest tractor manufacturing plant in the South. This progressive City cans more grapefruit than any other town in the United States or abroad



The Land of Flowers, Fruit and Vegetables



Above: A prolific planting of beans on a representative Dade County truck farm. The soil of this County is also adaptable to the growing of peppers, tomatoes, squash and egg-plant. They are planted in the early fall and shipped in January and February. The acreage under vegetable cultivation has been increasing steadily but there are still large tracts west and north-west of Miami which are believed to be of great potential value for truck farming

Right: In the North-eastern section of the State a wide variety of fruits and vegetables are grown successfully—dates among them. In Bradford and surrounding Counties strawberries constitute one of the major crops. Oranges and pecans are produced on a commercial scale, as are also figs, sugar cane, canteloupe, watermelon and blueberries. Experiments with the tung oil tree have proved its adaptability to the most fertile soils of this section



Above: A typical yield of grapefruit from a Dade County grove. This County, on Florida's South-east tip, produces some of the State's finest citrus crops. Tropical fruit, such as the avocado, mango, papaya, banana, guava, and kumquat are also grown there with considerable success



Left: Palm Beach County has been coming to the fore of late as an agricultural center. In the Everglades section, particularly, where drainage operations are reclaiming the rich muck land, as many as four crops per year have been planted. To the left is shown a Palm Beach County commercial gladiola farm



Right: The North and North-west sections of Florida especially constitute rich corn country. In virtually all of the counties bordering on, and north of, the Gulf of Mexico, corn, cotton, sweet potatoes, sugar cane, peanuts, tobacco, pecans and many varieties of fruit are grown



ginning around forty—lively ones at that.

The winter of 1913-14 found Fisher with a palatial home on Biscayne Bay in Miami proper, with a sea-going yacht tied up to his dock, and with plenty of time on his hands. The late John Collins was attempting to complete what was to be the longest wooden bridge in the world from Miami to the ocean-front, but he ran out of money a short distance from his goal. The land which was to become Miami Beach was then nothing but mangrove swamps, with a narrow strip of bathing beach beside the Atlantic. Fisher became interested in the bridge project to the extent of loaning Collins \$50,000 to complete the structure, taking a small parcel of land as security.

With his small interest, Fisher visualized the possibilities of this charmed land, and soon he was back in harness in the new role of a developer. He persuaded other interests across the Bay to come in with him on a gigantic fill proposition whereby the unsightly and unhealthful swamps could be covered with sand dredged out of the Bay, and a yacht basin and channels created at the same time. So Fisher dreamed of his man-made paradise, Miami Beach, now one of the outstanding resorts in the world.

In 1919 he formed a company combining his interests with those of Collins, and developed the northern tip of a playground which was already becoming nationally known. Long before the well known Florida land boom, Fisher had poured his private fortune into his dream of a winter playground. He threw the family jewels into the balance before he finally put his proposition over. Although there was speculation in his property, a matter over which he had little control, Fisher personally abhorred the "boom" and either removed the property he still controlled from the market or made the terms of purchase prohibitive.

Fisher always attempted to select his purchasers. His careful guardianship over his properties, which was later to reflect itself in the high type of home owner at Miami Beach and a progressive but conservative City Council assisted by one of the most efficient City Managers in the country—Claude A. Renshaw—were important contributing factors to the success of Miami Beach.

Merrick was building up one of the most effective nation-wide real estate campaigns ever conceived as early as 1922. Later he was to haul thousands of persons thousands of miles in high buses to buy of his wares—wares offered for sale in elaborate offices established in the principal cities of the United States. Merrick created a beautiful little City, some eight miles from Miami proper, using his father's orange grove as the nucleus for his ambitious schemes.

Flagler and Plant, the early pioneers, are dead. Merrick was a victim of the real estate collapse and now lives on a small Florida key, dreaming of a comeback. Fisher saw his dream completed but threw most of his profits into the development of Montauk, L. I.

Now Henry L. Doherty, engineer, inventor and public utilities magnate, is carrying on the intensive propaganda for the spectacular parts of Florida. He went South for his health. First he invested in the hope of helping his friends down there. Soon he found himself in the resort business, with hotels and beaches. Then he went to work with a fervor.

The west coast of Florida—on the Gulf—has been consistent in its growth. Its amusements are not so sensational as those on the east coast in the eyes of the majority, but it was here that Thomas Edison and many others made and make their winter homes. My information as to the present status of the west coast comes from John Lodwick,

(Continued on page 46)

The Most Amazing VACATION Ever Conceived

YOUR dollars buy the biggest vacation value at the Miami Biltmore, "Center of the Wintertime World". Nowhere else is there so much "doing" . . . a sensational full season's schedule of *daily* things-to-do and things-to-see. Offering more than comfort and elegance of living in America's winter capital of play, this celebrated hotel provides a **COMPLETE VACATION** and all the facilities to enjoy it . . . with privileges you'll not find anywhere else . . . such as guest membership in the three luxurious units of the Florida Year-Round Clubs . . . and transportation by aerocar, autogiro or sea-sled to every point of interest, *without additional cost*—which alone saves you as much as an ordinary hotel bill!

● Better than ever this year, the Miami Biltmore program of fun is something folks are writing home about—including the news correspondents. More *national* sports and social events! And an even greater variety of guest amusements than last year!

● Golfing interest will again focus on the Miami Biltmore, golf's winter headquarters . . . with many tournaments scheduled, including golfdom's richest prize, the Miami Biltmore \$10,000 Open. Guests have membership privileges in the Miami Biltmore Country Club, adjoining the hotel. No other club has such an all-star pro staff . . . Olin Dutra, National Open champ! . . . Paul Runyan, 1934 national professional title holder! . . . Louis Costello! . . . Mike Brady! . . . and Ned Everhart!

● Weekly water carnivals bring the world's best swimmers and divers to the hotel's outdoor pools . . . an inspiring setting, with picturesque terraces for lunching after your morning dip—and a sandy beach for sun-loafing. Guests have membership privileges also in the Roney Plaza Cabaña Sun Club at Miami Beach.



● Key Largo Anglers Club, on the Florida "keys" . . . in the heart of the world's best sport fishing grounds . . . is yours to enjoy when a Biltmore guest.

● For the equestrian fan—stables of spirited steppers or docile ponies, at nominal cost . . . thirty miles of bridle paths . . . horseback breakfasts, moonlight canters, treasure hunts . . . and a field for jumping.

● For the tennis enthusiast . . . fast, clay courts . . . dramatic tournaments . . . a professional coach.

● For the socialite . . . two popular society orchestras . . . nightly musical revues, with famous stars of stage and screen . . . bridge parties (including national tourneys) . . . musicals . . . tea dances . . . and a thousand happy diversions that will make your vacation at the Miami Biltmore the gayest adventure you've had in years!

● For the epicure . . . the Miami Biltmore emphasizes excellence in cuisine . . . with surprising innovations in service this year . . . both in the main dining room and the terrace restaurants.

● New amusements, which you've never before had an opportunity to indulge, supplement the Miami Biltmore's major programs of play and relaxation . . . the most *amazing* vacation ever conceived.

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S. LUND and
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Managers

ST. PETERSBURG FLORIDA

(Continued from page 45)

a professional observer of many years, who tells me that:

"In St. Petersburg, most of the hotels were opened October 1st—two and three months earlier than has been the custom. The slack has already been taken up in unoccupied apartment houses and in residences constructed through the over-expansion of 1924-1926. St. Petersburg gauges its tourist crop by registrations at the City Information Bureau, where only one out of every five visitors leaves his name and address.

"Its biggest tourist influx was in the season of 1929-30, when 48,563 registered. In that winter every available room within the 58 square miles of St. Petersburg was taken and the City's Chamber of Commerce established a day and night emergency housing bureau to care for the overflow, sending them to Gulfport, Pinellas Park, Pass-a-Grille, Clearwater and Tampa—all nearby communities. Provision was made in advance for a similar service this season.

"Each year, tourist registration estimates have been made by the writer for the benefit of hotel operators and the business people of St. Petersburg. These sixteen annual estimates, according to the local newspapers, have been 'uncannily correct.' My estimate for this season, in my opinion, is conservative. I have placed it at a minimum of 52,200. In spite of that figure, the highest I have ever made, I honestly expect no less than 300,000 tourists to visit St. Petersburg for a period of from one day to the entire season.

"That estimate again indicates that St. Petersburg and all the west coast will overflow capacity. It means that Miami, the Palm Beaches, Daytona Beach, Orlando, DeLand, Sarasota, Bradenton, Fort Myers and Clearwater will benefit more from the tourist business this season than ever before.

"John N. Brown, President of the Florida Hotel Men's Association, has written members of his organization to keep their rates within a ten per cent. increase, which is in keeping with the increased cost of hotel operation. He has received assurances from the resort centers of the State that this will be done.

"In St. Petersburg, accommodation inquiries at this writing are 78 per cent. ahead of last year. High percentage gains on inquiries and reservations are reported from Clearwater, Tarpon Springs, Bradenton, Sarasota, Belleair, Useppa Island and Pass-a-Grille."

FLORIDA has legalized horse racing and dog racing. The thoroughbreds run under the sanction and supervision of the law. Thousands of dollars have gone into a fund that is immediately re-distributed equally among the various counties of the State. In several isolated communities this fund has kept schools in operation. None of this race tax goes into the general State fund. All of it is divided between the various counties.

Florida's Governor is a splendid representative for his State—outside as well as in. He is a roly-poly transplanted New Yorker and a prominent Elk. His name is David Sholtz, although I've never heard him called anything but Dave—even by people seeking jobs. He is aggressive and progressive. It is possible that under his leadership Florida will unite in a single cooperative advertising front such as has been lacking in the past, but such as has made California a bigger and greater State. Under his guidance Florida may institute a national resort promotion plan such as the Californians Inc., or the All Year Club of Southern California.

But to get back to Dave Sholtz, the Governor who is making a State live within its means in years that have been budgetary nightmares for public officials elsewhere:

"In Florida we have been applying to the State the practice followed by a prudent individual when reduced income requires

ORLANDO

THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

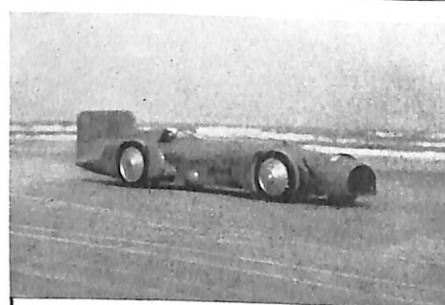
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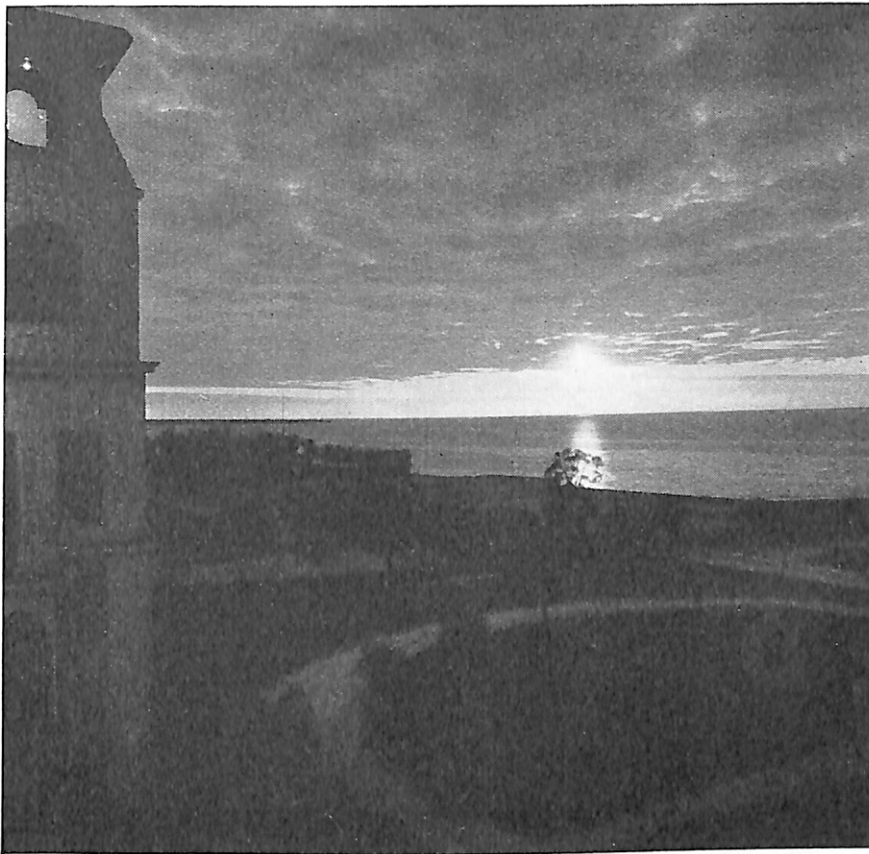
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Sunset at Punta Gorda on the West Coast of Florida

curtailment of expenses, even to the extent of sacrifice," the Governor told me.

"When the present Administration took office, tax payments were at a low ebb and the State was having difficulty, like many other states in the country," he continued. "Within a year and a half, without seeking any new sources of revenue and with the cooperation of the legislature, the State has balanced its budget for the first time in years and has a surplus in the Treasury. All current bills are paid and in addition, practically all the old bills inherited by this Administration have been paid.

Not only that; the State will continue to operate within its income.

"It is also interesting to note that by reason of this policy of rigid economy, the elimination of useless boards, bureaus, commissions and employees, we have been able to effect a 7½ per cent. tax reduction from the State's standpoint for the coming year.

"Florida has no State indebtedness. It has no State inheritance tax, no income tax and no sales tax. We are gradually getting rid of the useless features of government and reducing our cost of government to the point where it is within our means.

"As a result conditions are rapidly improving in Florida. For the first time in years mortgage money is again available for new construction, which is going forward at a remarkable pace. This should be a salutary inducement to thrifty, home-loving people throughout the country who wish to evade excessive taxation for extravagant governmental operations, to cast their lot with us.

"Living expenses in Florida are low. It is possible for northern friends to spend an enjoyable winter here with all their expenses of livelihood costing them less than their customary fuel bill.

"Thirty million boxes of oranges, grapefruit and tangerines are ripening in our groves this winter season. Every variety of fishing invites you, from the bass and trout in our thousand inland lakes to the myriad

varieties of fish on the 1,700 mile shore line of our State. Wild turkey, quail, deer, wild duck and other game are here in sufficient quantity to make it exceedingly interesting for those who are inclined to follow Nimrod. Bathing on our beaches, winter racing, golf, polo, boating and every other known legitimate sport of a semi-tropical climate will be found here to suit the taste and meet the requirements of those who are interested.

"But Florida is not only the Winter Playground of America. It is also her Winter Greenhouse, making available throughout the resort season practically all the vegetables customarily raised in the North, besides many tropical fruits which are indigenous only to Florida's soil and climate.

"Every indication is that Florida this year will enjoy the largest influx of winter visitors in her history, but there will be room for all.

THE first State to feel the effects of overstimulation, Florida is the first State to lead the way back to recovery. Lumber, naval stores, manufacturing, agriculture and live stock, which are among Florida's leading industries, are showing the way.

"Florida still has her indigents and her unemployment problem. She still feels the need of federal emergency relief, but she offers an inviting field to those who are interested in playing a part in developing the resources of the last great frontier State in America. Florida is still a frontier State. She offers a great opportunity to those who are willing to work and who believe in the old American traditions of government."

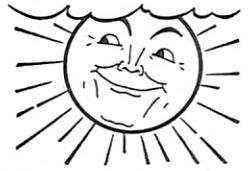
And, Brother Elks, Dave means what he says. He's that kind.

And here's hoping that Florida is pointing the way to prosperity throughout the land. I'll see you there this winter!

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sunny St.
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visitors from



all parts of the world. They come for rest and play, for sun and scenery, for health and happiness . . . And they all have a good word for this friendly resort city on Florida's Gulf Coast. They like its sunny climate, its sport and entertainment, its excellent accommodations, its hospitality, and moderate living costs. You, too, will like it. Play **YOUR** vacation for St. Petersburg this winter. For free illustrated booklet, write today to B. J. Dead-erick, Secretary, Chamber of Commerce—

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The De Land Chamber of Commerce

At Your Service

(Continued from page 21)

"I'm Mr. Easter."
"Mr. Easter?" There was a surprised note in the question. "I didn't know there was a Mr. Easter, but as long as there is—well, I'd just as soon talk to you."

"Won't you come in?"

"Thanks!"

In the dim light of the hallway Jerry couldn't get a very good look at the visitor. He could see, however, that she was dressed in the extreme of fashion and carried herself with the assurance of a theatrical star. She preceded him into the large living-room, turning to face Jerry just as he closed the door.

"Mr. Easter," she began without further ado, "I am—"

"Lilly Drake, or I'm a trained flea!" exclaimed Jerry. "What in the name of the seven deadly sins are you doing here?"

"Jerry Easter! Well, what da'ya know about that?"

The pair stood staring at each other as if unable to believe their own eyes.

"I never dreamed there was any connection between you and the Easters who live here," said Lilly.

"Last time I saw you, sister," Jerry said, ignoring the comment, "you were making a fool of yourself at a cheap bar down in Buenos Aires."

"I was only doing what you told me to do!"

"You're wrong. I didn't tell you to get swacked to the eyes—I told you to get information! But I should have known better than to trust an important job to you. You've gummed up every chance you ever had. And you class yourself with Mata Hari! Why, Mata Hari could have sat in a sixty-foot well and gathered more information in five minutes than you could get from a commanding general if you were in the same room with him for six months! If you're a spy, I'm Adolf Hitler!"

"Ah, put away the whip, Jerry. I'm through with all that stuff, and I'm glad of it. The risks are too great for the returns. I've been living normal ever since that Nicaraguan affair."

"What are you doing here?"

"I'll get around to that in a minute," said the girl, removing her wrap and tossing it carelessly over the back of a chair. She walked to a mirror and calmly touched up her black coiffure, rouged her pretty lips, and patted powder on her olive-tinted cheeks. Jerry watched her closely, puzzled by her assurance, her self-control.

"I have a confession to make, Jerry," she said without turning from the mirror. "Like to hear it?"

"Shoot!"

"You knew that every swashbuckler in your outfit was on the make for me, didn't you?"

"There's no accounting for tastes, Lilly."

"Well, none of 'em ever made the grade!"

"That doesn't prove anything."

"I think it does; I think it proves that I was a good girl!"

"Maybe that's why you were such a lousy spy!"

Lilly Drake turned and faced Jerry. There was a look of innocence about her that belied her late vocation among the revolutionists. Unless one knew, one would be apt to believe she had always led a protected life.

"Now for the confession: When I came out of Buenos Aires, I was on the up and up, believe it or not. Of course you know



Calmly she rouged her lips, while Jerry watched her closely, puzzled by her self-control

I had been married when I was a kid, but that didn't take and doesn't count. When I got to Seattle I was starting all over again. I wanted to settle down, get married and—well, you know. Up there I met a man who was good to me and I fell for him. I fell so hard that when he proposed that we come to his home in this town and get married I said yes."

"Skip the harrowing details. Jump into the headlines!"

"I agreed, so he bought the tickets and—"

"One berth?"

"No, he got a drawing room."

"Oh, I see. And innocent little you thought you'd be as safe there as behind convent walls, eh?"

"Why not? He'd never made a pass at me and I figured everything would be all right. But they weren't! Still, I didn't worry much, figuring we'd be married within a few days. But we weren't. He made all sorts of excuses. Set me up in a lovely apartment—well, we sort of made a home of it!"

Jerry smiled knowingly.

"Months passed. Still no wedding bells. Then, about a week ago he has the crust to tell me he's going to marry another dame!"

"And now?"

"I'd like to see the color of the dame's eyes who's going to take him away from me unless—"

"Unless he kicks in with a little heart balm, eh?"

"You're good at guessing!"

"Have you talked with him?"

"No. He's ducked me ever since—won't even talk to me on the 'phone."

"Have you squawked to his dad, or the Federal people?"

"His dad? What do you know about his

dad?"

"I know he's got plenty of what it takes."

"Who do you think I'm talking about?"

"You admitted I'm a good guesser—Roger King!"

"Right you are!"

"But what are you doing here?"

"I'm here to tell the dame he's going to marry that I'll raise seven kinds of hell unless he kicks in with ten grand!"

"Sit down!" said Jerry. "And listen to me!"

The girl sat suddenly, as if pushed into a chair.

"Listen, Lilly, you've messed up everything you've ever tackled and you're well on your way to messing up this deal. This kid hasn't got a dime of his own—won't have until he's married. Then he comes in for plenty. If you make a holler now you won't get a quarter. If you're wise and will wait until he's married you can shake him down for plenty. If you don't, all you'll do is bust up an engagement. Take a tip—"

"Listen, big boy, I ain't taking tips from anybody. I got this guy in a hole and if he doesn't kick in with ten grand before tomorrow night, I'm going to yell cop, and if I do he'll spend the next few years making little ones out of big ones on a Federal rock pile. There's a law, you know, against transporting girls across state lines—and that law's tough if the transporting is done for certain purposes."

"I know all that," said Jerry quietly, "but if I know you, Lilly, you'd much prefer dough to revenge. Let me handle this affair and maybe you'll get somewhere."

"Are you trying to give me a run-around because your daughter's mixed up with Roger?"

"Not at all. I just want to give Roger a chance to square himself all around—if he can."

"O.K. Tell you what I'll do—I'll lay off three days. But if I don't get my dough by that time, I'm going to blow the works. That's final."

Jerry saw that Lilly meant what she said. Rising, he ushered her to the door, saying:

"O.K. It's your funeral. In the meantime I'll see what I can do with Roger. But remember—until the three days are up, stay away from this house!"

When Mrs. Easter, Mary and Roger returned from the theatre, they found Jerry enjoying a quiet smoke. He chatted with the trio until Roger rose to go, then he said he guessed he'd stretch his legs.

"I'll ride a little way with you, Roger," he said, "and walk back."

As soon as young King had his car under way, Jerry said:

"Roger, what are you going to do about Lilly Drake?"

Young King jammed on the brake with such suddenness that Jerry was almost thrown out of his seat. Releasing the brake just as quickly, Roger let the car slide to the curb, where he brought it to a stop before speaking.

"What do you know about Lilly Drake?" asked young King, half turning in his seat so that he could see Jerry's face.

"Everything. She called while you were at the theatre and spilled everything."

"She's got nothing on me!"

"I wouldn't be so sure of that. If she squawks to the Federal authorities it will go hard with you. She wants ten grand and she wants it within seventy-two hours, or else."

"I haven't got ten thousand. Where would I get it?"

"That's your worry. What I'm particularly interested in is Mary's place in the picture."

"What do you mean?"

"Just this: You've got to make a clean breast of your affair with Lilly before you marry my daughter. If after she knows all about your affair with Miss Drake, she still wants to marry you, it will be all right by me. Otherwise—no dice. But I won't stand by and let her walk into such a mess with her eyes closed. Think it over, son, and think fast, because I'll give you just one week in which to make up your mind."

Jerry got out of the car and started back for the Easter home, calling over his shoulder, "Good night!"

Roger didn't sleep much that night, but before dawn he had evolved a plan of action. Bright and early he entered the offices of the World-Wide Detective Agency and went into conference with the head of the organization. He commissioned the agency to make an immediate check-up on the life of Jerry Easter.

"I want every scrap of information you can get about him from his birth to date, and I want it in a hurry. How soon can I have it?"

"Within two hours I'll have every one of our branch offices scattered throughout the world digging into the files," promised the detective head. "We'll have a complete record of Jerry Easter back in this office within a week!"

ROGER avoided the Easter home on one pretext or another while he waited impatiently to hear from the detective agency. He had no desire to contact Jerry again, feeling he'd be subjected to further questioning.

Jerry welcomed the opportunity Roger's absence gave him to spend more time with Mary. Mary, too, seemed to find much enjoyment going about with Jerry. Although Mrs. Easter was always included in Jerry's invitations to the theatre or to dinners, she invariably declined. She sensed danger in the situation which she had, albeit unwillingly, helped to create, and always felt uneasy in Jerry's presence.

One night Jerry and Mary motored out past the Cliff House to one of the beach resorts for dinner and dancing. As they sat at their table, the soft lights and music

(Continued on page 50)

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It Swept America in one short year



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Double my standing order on Crab Orchard. Its high quality and low price is making it sell like hot cakes.



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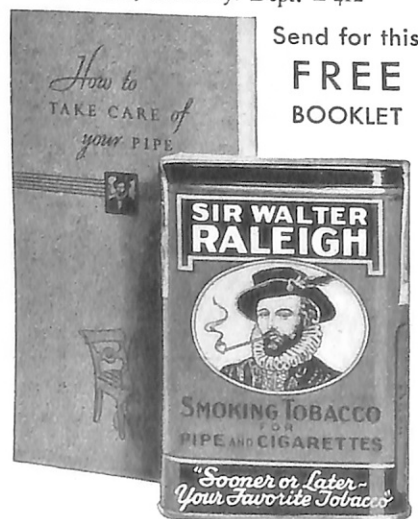
"OH! OH!
THIS IS JOE!"



YOU really need a good gas-mask to play blindman's buff successfully when Joe and his gassy old briar are in the game. That surly tobacco he stokes up with gives him away at the first putrid puff.

Here's a free hint, Joe. Run a pipe cleaner through your briar, scrape out the polluted bowl—then fill up with mild and pleasant Sir Walter Raleigh. This gentle blending of Kentucky Burleys gives off a delicate and seductive fragrance that appeals to merry widows and wary kiddoes alike. Sir Walter Raleigh is cool. It's slow burning. It's pipe smoking at its very best. Kept fresh in heavy gold foil, it will set you back only fifteen pennies. Try it—you'll be the hit of the party.

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It's 15¢—AND IT'S Milder

(Continued from page 49)

and the distant murmur of the sea combined to make a romantic setting. Jerry was in one of his gayest moods. Mary was content to sit and listen to him talk of other lands, of other days, of other people. She found it hard to believe that this handsome man with the engaging smile, sparkling wit and charming manners was the adventurer who had so unceremoniously deserted her mother. She saw other women watching Jerry and was proud and glad he was her companion. And when they danced, Mary experienced a strange sense of security and well being as she nestled in his arms, her head against his shoulder. Once, as they moved through a rhythmic waltz, she closed her eyes and just for a moment wished—. The next instant she was ashamed, calling herself a silly fool. But she did not remove her head from his shoulder.

She started! She was certain she had felt Jerry's lips brush her hair. The music ceased. Still he did not release her at once. Instead, she felt him draw her still closer to him for just an instant. She looked up at him and both laughed gaily.

"How can Mother resist you—you gay old—what shall I call you?" laughed Mary, as they made their way back to the table.

"Call me Lucky!"

"Lucky?"

"Yes. Aren't I? There isn't a man in this room who wouldn't call himself that if he had you for his partner."

"I've tried a dozen times to call you father, or dad, but the word just won't come out. I wonder why?"

"Because you never had a chance to practice it, I suppose. But I'm just as well satisfied. Father or dad would make me feel as old as time."

They lingered until the musicians began to put away their instruments, and the sun peeped up over the eastern horizon. On their way home Mary puzzled over that moment when she had rested her head on his shoulder wishing he were not her father."

THE detective agency, true to its promise, on the appointed day handed Roger King a chronological record of Jerry's career covering thirty-six years. It was an amazingly complete and accurate document. Even Jerry would have admitted that.

Roger raced through it, praying he'd find something in Easter's career which he could use to blackmail Jerry into silence and tacit approval of his marriage to Mary. On the first reading there was apparently nothing except the information that three years before a Federal warrant had been issued for the arrest of Jerry Easter on a charge of running contraband from New Orleans to Nicaragua.

That was something, but Roger desired more. He went through the report again, this time more carefully. Suddenly he let out a whoop of joy. The report said:

"Jerry Easter was confined in a military prison in Honduras from September 10, 1914, to June 15, 1917, for having participated in an uprising that threatened the country's peace."

Young King leaped to his feet and banged his fist into the palm of his hand.

"And Mary was born in New York in the spring of 1916! Hot damn! He's a phoney. He's no more her father than I am! Boy, oh boy!"

Half an hour later he was confronting Mrs. Easter.

"What does this mean?" he demanded, thrusting the detective agency's report into her hands and pointing to the paragraph which set forth that Jerry was in a military prison for two years before Mary was born.

Mrs. Easter felt that the world was crumbling about her as she read. She had visions of all her well-laid plans going awry, of exposure and humiliation.

"Well, what about it?" demanded Roger. "Who is this fellow and why do you permit him to pose as Mary's father?"

Realizing that she was cornered, Mrs. Easter decided upon a desperate move. Intuitively, she felt that Roger's desire to marry her daughter was motivated principally by his ambition to acquire a half interest in his father's great business. Even now, she thought, he is not interested in the girl's real parentage, he is thinking only of his own security. Quickly she determined to make a clean breast of the whole affair and gamble on his selfishness to save the day for her.

WHEN she had bared everything to Roger, that young man surprised her by bursting into laughter. In that moment he seemed to throw off a mask. He became a different person—a coarser person than the Roger King she had known.

"Well, that's certainly a load off my chest!" he exclaimed. "Here I've been figuring maybe you wouldn't let Mary marry me if you knew that I had been mixed up with a couple of women in my time, and now you tell me Mary isn't even legitimate. Well, now we can both come out in the open and talk turkey. I'm in a jam, too. There's a dame named Lilly Drake who's hot on my trail, demanding ten thousand bucks for heart balm. Says I wronged her. She's going to blow the lid off everything unless I kick in with ten grand by seven o'clock tonight. You know the only chance I've got to get ten thousand dollars is to get married. So, you've got to persuade Mary to elope with me tonight. We'll fly down to Yuma, get hitched, and tomorrow I'll be in the money. Then I can pay her off and everything will be O.K."

"But—"

"There're no ifs or buts about it. You do as I say. Ain't I doing the magnanimous thing, marrying your daughter in spite of everything? Now, there's only one chance of a slip-up. Mary's been hypnotized by Easter. She thinks she's got to do what he says. He'll try to influence her against this elopement. You've got to take care of that, and here's how you can do it. When he comes home you tell him I've found out he's a phoney—that he isn't Mary's father and that he's wanted by the Federal authorities for running guns into Nicaragua."

"Is he, really?"

"It's right there in that report. He's nuts about Mary and would do anything to protect her. So, you tell him I'm going to tell Mary he's not her father if he doesn't scram before I get back. I'll be here by ten o'clock. If that doesn't work, threaten to tip him off to the United States Marshal. That'll make him move. Tell him—"

"Suppose he—"

"Wait. I've got to make it fast. It's almost seven o'clock. That Drake dame won't wait. You hop in your car and go to our house and see dad. He's a sentimental old coot, and will like the idea of an elopement. Tell him Mary and I just can't wait. Also tell him I need some cash. Then get back here as soon as you can. I gotta run. So long!"

While Mrs. Easter was on her way to the King home, Mary returned from an afternoon's shopping, leaving Jerry downtown to attend to some of his personal affairs. She bathed and changed her clothes, returning to the living room just in time to receive a caller. The caller was Lilly Drake.

With the directness of a traffic cop Lilly launched into the subject uppermost in her mind.

"You're Mary Easter, aren't you? Well, I'm Lilly Drake. Ever hear of me?"

Mary shook her head.

"I didn't think so. Well, you're going to hear about me now—plenty. I'm the mistress—or rather, I was the mistress—of the

guy you're planning to marry. He brought me down here from Seattle months ago under promise of marriage. Then he ran out on me—told me he was going to marry you. I'm not the kind that gives everything and expects nothing in return. Not me! I sent word to him that I'd fade out of the picture if he came through with ten grand. Gave him until seven o'clock tonight to produce. He didn't. About an hour ago he came to me with a cock-and-bull story about marrying you tonight, being declared in on the family fortune tomorrow and paying me the next day. But—"

"You're mistaken, Miss, er—Drake. Our wedding was set for next month."

"Listen, kid, I haven't anything against you. So let me tell you something: you're being tossed around. Your mother and Roger King are fixing it for you to elope with him to Yuma tonight. He was sap enough to tell me all about it. He's—"

"Does my father know about this—this elopement?"

"That's another laugh—your father! Jerry Easter's no more your father than I am!"

"What?" cried Mary, wide-eyed.

"I thought he was, too, kid, until Roger showed me positive proof he's not—proof he got from a detective agency."

"But you must be mistaken. My mother wouldn't deceive—"

"Listen, kid, I don't know what it's all about, but I do know there's something rotten in Denmark. All I came here for was to warn you not to marry Roger King unless you want to get all mixed up in a scandal that's going to smell to high heaven. Tomorrow I'm going to tell my story to the United States District Attorney and see what happens. And if you're wise you'll nix this elopement business tonight. That's all I got to say—now!"

Mary wanted to question the woman, but Lilly refused to stay for that. She left as unceremoniously as she had come. When the door closed after her, Mary stood like one in a daze. Her head was in a whirl. Elopement! Mistresses! Scandal! Jerry Easter not her father!

Jerry not her father!

OUT of the chaos of her mind she grasped at that statement. She hugged it to her. It surmounted the feeling of disgust and disappointment that was born at the revelation that Roger King was a stupid philanderer who had laid himself open to criminal prosecution. It softened the feeling of disappointment she felt because her mother had deceived her about Jerry. The momentary doubt she had experienced when Lilly Drake told her Jerry was not her father was entirely dissipated now. She smiled at her own credulity. Of course, Jerry wasn't her father. Had he been, she never would have experienced that fugitive wish when they were dancing at the beach—that wish that he were not her father! And his youth! This, too, explained that.

Suddenly she realized that she was glad—glad that Jerry Easter was not her father. She began to analyze that emotion. Her eyes grew moist and her lips trembled. Her heart beat faster, and a strange ecstasy filled her being! Suddenly she slipped into a big chair and started to sob hysterically.

She didn't hear Jerry enter the room. He stood looking at her for a moment, then went quickly to her. Tenderly lifting her head, he looked into her tear-stained face and asked, "What's wrong, honey? Did somebody hurt you?"

Jerry knew before she answered, for he had seen Lilly Drake enter a taxicab and speed away from the house as he was paying off his own driver.

Mary didn't answer. Instead she let Jerry cradle her head against his shoulder while she strove to regain her composure. She was

(Continued on page 54)



What is John Jameson made of?



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Then it is aged 7 years in the wood before bottling. Don't you agree that such sound methods should produce a great whiskey? Let a bottle of John Jameson prove to you that they *have*! But be sure you get the *right* Jameson—JOHN Jameson.

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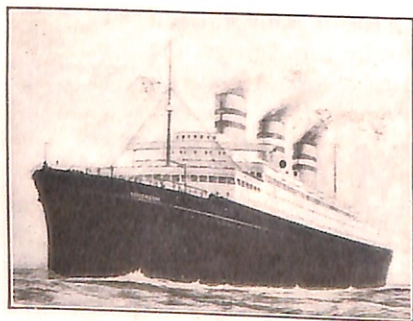
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United Fruit Co. Photo

Street scene in Kingston, Jamaica

Winter Vacation Trips for Elks

SOME people will tell you that they have always wanted to sail on palatial liners, to visit foreign ports, to see strange and wonderful sights in far countries. But they always have at least a dozen excuses why they have never gone much farther than the next county.

There are other people, however, who do go places and who actually see things—and for the most part they are no more laden down with worldly goods and responsibilities than the average stay-at-home.

Travel is no longer for the very rich alone. Today Europe, Egypt and the Mediterranean have ceased to be inaccessible for the average man. And people visit South America, the islands in the Caribbean, Bermuda and Nassau, without much more thought than they used to devote to making a trip back to the home town.

This winter arrangements have been made

with the Holland-America Line, the United Fruit Company, the Cunard White Star Limited and the Furness Bermuda Line for a number of special cruises for members of the Order of Elks and their families.

One of these is a Mediterranean trip on the magnificent 38,900-ton cruiser *Statendam*, the flagship of the Holland-America Line, leaving New York on February 7th and returning on April 7th, after visiting such historic places in Europe, Africa and the Near East as Madeira, Algiers, Mallorca, Cannes, Cairo, Rhodes, the Holy Lands, Athens, Istanbul and Venice. It would be difficult to list all the thrilling sights to be seen on this tour. There will be trips ashore at all principal ports, visits to the Pyramids, to historic Jerusalem, a two-day tour of ancient Venice, then on to gay Monte Carlo and Cannes. Moreover, before sailing back to America the boat will turn north



A view of Naples, showing the famous Mount Vesuvius in the background. Note the column of smoke issuing from the crater



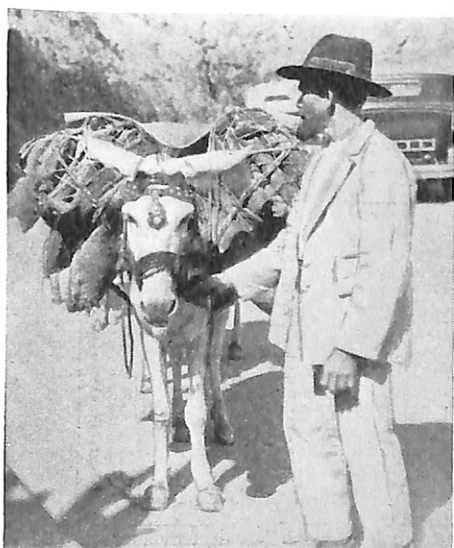
United Fruit Co. Photo

A street in the older section of the colorful City of Havana

and permit the passengers to stop in London, Paris and Rotterdam.

ANOTHER, but somewhat shorter Elks cruise will start on January 17th. This trip will be made on the new turbo-electric *Quirigua*, trim flagship of the United Fruit Company's Great White Fleet. The trip will last seventeen days. The itinerary is to include visits to Havana, the Panama Canal, Jamaica, and Port Limon, Costa Rica.

Four days after leaving New York the *Quirigua* will dock at colorful Havana. The passengers will spend the better part of two days in that festive City, where private cars will convey them to all points of interest in the vicinity. Then they will sail on, over the blue Caribbean, and day after day they will stop at fascinating ports. A program has been arranged for the members of this cruise party that will provide royal entertainment for them every moment.



© Cunard White Star, Ltd.

One of the typical sights to be seen on the highway to Caracas, Venezuela

No less than six other cruises that will prove most attractive to Elks are being featured by the Cunard White Star Limited. They are all to be made on that palatial motor vessel, the *Georgic*. The first, starting on December 19th, is a thirteen-day Christmas and New Year's Holiday cruise, on

(Continued on page 55)

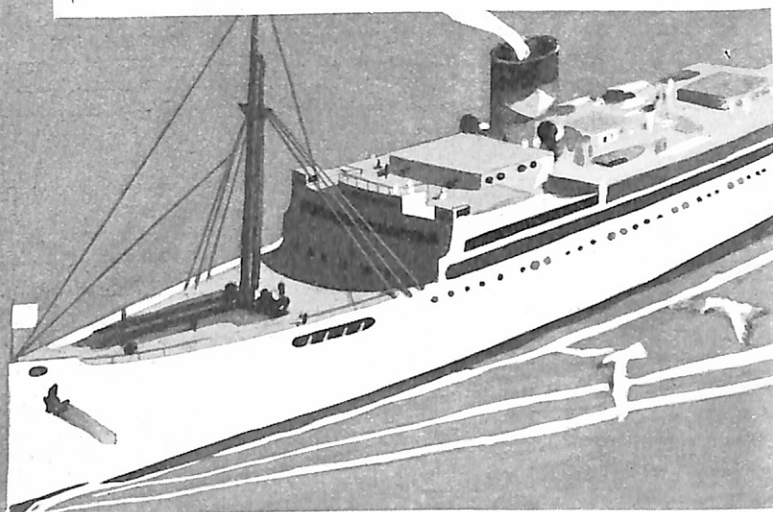
ALL ABOARD FOR THE
CARIBBEAN MERRY-GO-ROUND

Elks CRUISE

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on the "QUIRIGUA" of the

GREAT WHITE FLEET



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(Continued from page 51)

aware of the firm pressure of his arm as he held her close. She felt rather than saw that his cheek was against her hair. Gradually her sobs ceased and a delicious feeling of drowsy comfort and security crept over her. "That woman told you about her relations with Roger, didn't she?"

Mary just nodded. She was too busy with her thoughts to speak aloud. If Jerry could have looked into her face he would have seen a mischievous smile playing about her mouth. "He's not my father," she was thinking, "but he doesn't know that I know he's not my father!" Then, snuggling up a little closer, she said:

"Oh, Lucky, I'm so unhappy. Hold me tight! I—I need you so much now!"

"Poor little kid!" said Jerry, tenderly bringing her around so that her face was close to his. "Poor little kid!" Then he kissed her forehead, her eyes, her cheeks. Just when he seemed to dare no more, Mary twisted her face around until her lips were close to his lips.

"Oh, Lucky," she whispered, "you are so comforting!"

HER arms went up and found a resting place around his neck. Jerry closed his eyes and his lips found hers. His arms tightened about her, and she clung to him, lost for one blissful moment.

As Jerry released her, his conscience troubled him. He felt he was taking an unfair advantage of this lovely girl who believed him her father. With an effort he resumed his rôle of parent.

"You don't want to go through with this marriage now, do you, honey?"

Mary shook her head, emphatically. "I couldn't now, Lucky. Everything has changed. Yet, I am not sorry—no, in fact, I'm glad!"

They were standing now, facing the windows that fronted on the street. Their backs were to the door. They did not hear it open quietly nor did they see Mrs. Easter peering in at them.

"I'll go and see Roger and make him announce that the engagement was broken by you. I don't want you to be hurt one bit more by this unfortunate affair. Keep your chin up, kid, and try to forget all about it."

"Oh, Lucky!" exclaimed Mary again, putting her arms around Jerry, "I don't know what I'd do without you to comfort me."

Jerry patted her affectionately on the shoulder and let his hand remain there as they both stood gazing out at the descending twilight. Mrs. Easter quietly closed the door. A few minutes later she heard Jerry leave. Then she called Mary to her room.

"What has happened?" she demanded. "Why have you been crying?"

Quietly Mary told her of Lilly Drake's visit and what she had said. "So I talked it over with father. He's gone to tell Roger that our engagement is off!"

"Mary," said Mrs. Easter sternly, "you may as well know it now as later. Jerry Easter is not your father, and you needn't pay the slightest attention to what he says!"

"I know that, Mother. The Drake woman told me everything!"

"Then that's why he was making love to you just now!"

"You're mistaken, Mother. He doesn't know that I know! He still thinks I believe he's my father. Why did you let me believe he was?"

"Never mind that now! I'll tell you everything when the right time comes. Right now I'm going to put an end to Jerry Easter's meddling. He'll be sorry he ever saw me!"

As she talked, Mrs. Easter was looking for a number in the telephone directory. Finding it, she lifted the receiver and called a number.

"I want to speak with the United States

Marshal," she said when the connection was made. In a moment she continued: "I have been told that you have a warrant in your office for the arrest of Jerry Easter. Is that true? . . . For gun running! . . . If you'll send a man to the home of Daniel King on Pacific Avenue right now, you'll find him. . . . He's wearing a light Stetson hat and a Norfolk suit made of whipcord. Yes. But you'll have to hurry!"

Mary stood as if stunned while her mother gave this information to the Federal officers. But even in her amazement she was formulating plans to frustrate her.

"And that," said Mrs. Easter triumphantly as she turned and faced Mary, "will put an end to Jerry Easter's immediate plans. When he is out of the way, perhaps you'll listen to reason. You don't know how lucky you are to have a man like Roger willing to marry you in spite of—of everything!"

"Perhaps you're right, Mother. Maybe I've acted hastily. I must have time to think. My head is buzzing—and it aches terribly. I think I shall lie down a while. If you want me I'll be in my room."

Instead of going to her room, Mary hurried down the stairs and out the front door. Reaching the sidewalk, she started to run and did not slacken her speed until she reached a drug store two blocks away. In a moment she had the King home on the telephone.

"Is Mr. Easter there?" she enquired of the butler who answered the phone. "No? Well, he's on his way. The minute he arrives, will you please have him call his daughter at Exposition 11313? It's very important! Thank you!"

As she was phoning from a public booth, Mary lingered within earshot of the bell. The minutes slipped by—three, four, five. Then there was a ring. She answered it, only to find there had been a mistake. Again she waited. She was haunted by fearful thoughts. What if the Federal men had arrived ahead of Jerry! Perhaps at this minute he was under arrest.

The phone rang again. It was Jerry! "Hello, honey!" he called. "What's wrong?"

Quickly, breathlessly, Mary told him what her mother had done.

"Listen, honey, no matter what happens, I want you to know that I had nothing to do with the job the Feds say I had. I wasn't even in the States at that time. But don't you worry. I'll get out of it some way!"

WHEN Jerry turned from the telephone in the King home he stopped for a moment to consider his first move. Then he went to the front window and looked out. He saw a big car drive up. Two men got out, talked for a minute, then separated, each taking a position near one of the two exits from the King yard. Jerry smiled to himself. "They haven't search warrants, so they're waiting until I start away."

Going back to the butler's pantry, he found Leland polishing silverware.

"Is Roger in?" he asked.

"He's in his room, sir," said Leland.

"Shall I call him?"

"Never mind. He's expecting me. I'll go right up!"

Roger was packing a traveling bag when Jerry walked in on him.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "What brings you here?"

"A desire to do you a good turn, Roger," said Jerry. "I've just come from Lilly Drake. She's got the cops after you!"

"You lie!" charged Roger. "She's a helion on wheels, but I can't believe she'd squawk to the police!"

Jerry shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe you'll believe your own eyes." Walking to a window fronting on the street, he pulled

(Continued on page 56)



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*In the Andes Mountains near
La Guaira, Venezuela, in South
America*

(Continued from page 53)

which the passengers will participate in an old-time Yuletide program while visiting such ports as Curacao; La Guaira, Venezuela; Colon and Nassau. The next two will be trips of fourteen days' duration—one leaving New York on February 14th; the other on March 2nd—and the itinerary will include stops at La Guaira, Venezuela; Curacao; Cartagena, Colombia; Colon in the Canal Zone, and Jamaica and Nassau in the Bahamas.

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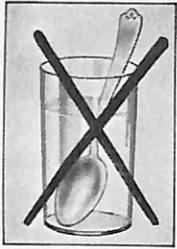
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(Continued from page 54)

back the curtain. "Look!"
Roger crossed to the window and stood beside Jerry.

"See that guy standing by the west gate?"
"Yes!" whispered Roger.

"Now look over by the east gate. See that mug behind the tree?"

Roger nodded and Jerry could see that his face was pale.

"Federal dicks!" said Jerry laconically. "They're waiting for you!"

Roger put his hand on Jerry's arm as if for protection.

"What shall I do?" he asked tensely.

Jerry looked at his watch. "There's a plane leaving for San Diego in an hour. Better get on it and slip over into Tia Juana, or go down to Caliente—more comfortable there. I'll see your dad and have him square things with Lilly. Then you can come back and—and go through with your plans."

"But they'll grab me!"

"I know how you can fool 'em. You and I are about the same size. Put on my clothes and if they stop you say, 'Boys, there's some mistake. I'm Jerry Easter. The fellow you want's inside!'"

"It's a gamble, but I got to take it!"

It was the work of but a few minutes for the two men to exchange clothes.

"Shall I take a bag with me?"

"I wouldn't," advised Jerry.

"Well," said Roger, turning at the door.

"I—I don't know how to thank you for doing this for me!"

"Don't bother," said Jerry. "I'm sure you'd do the same for me!"

"So long!"

"Happy landings!"

Jerry stood at the window watching as Roger walked down the gravel drive and started to enter his roadster which was standing at the curb. He saw the two Federal detectives close in on him. As well as if he were of the group, he knew the conversation that took place before the three entered the detectives' car and drove off at high speed.

Twenty minutes later Jerry climbed the fence back of the Easter home and dropped lightly into the small garden at the rear. There was a light in the kitchen, indicating that the maid was there. Whistling softly, he went up the back steps and nonchalantly entered the kitchen, surprising the maid at her work. Before she could question him he said, "I love that little garden at this time

of night. Ever watch the stars from out there?"

She hadn't. Jerry saw that she was slightly puzzled, but waited for no more.

"Guess I'll change my clothes and go out for a while," he said, going up the back stairs so as to avoid meeting Mrs. Easter.

Once in his own room he looked first to see that his passports were where he had left them. Then he quickly thrust his clothes into the two bags he had brought with him, searched to find pencil and paper, and standing before a dresser, wrote a farewell note to Mary:

"Good-bye, kid," he scribbled in a bold masculine hand. "I'm shoving off for China on the *Yedo Maru* at midnight. It's better that I don't stick around and clutter up your life. You're a swell kid and I love you. Good luck!"
LUCKY.

Pinning this to Mary's pillow, Jerry quietly slipped down the stairs and out the front door. As he paused for a moment on the street outside, he looked through the window and saw Mrs. Easter seated reading, while Mary stood leaning against the mantelpiece, a worried frown on her face. Blowing the girl a kiss, Jerry turned and entered the taxi-cab that had been waiting for him.

It was after eleven o'clock when Mary gave up hope of hearing from Jerry. Convinced that he was now under arrest and that there was nothing she could do until the next morning, she said goodnight to her mother and went to her room. She had undressed and was ready for bed before she saw Jerry's note. The moment she finished reading it, she frantically began dressing again. Ten minutes later she was in a taxi-cab, urging the driver to speed with all haste to the *Yedo Maru's* pier on the Embarcadero. Every moment's delay was like an eternity to her. She sat on the edge of the seat, nervously clenching and unclenching her hands.

Jerry was leaning against the rail of the *Yedo Maru*, watching the lights of the city recede, loneliness already gripping at his heart, when he felt a light touch on his arm. Turning, he was amazed to see Mary—a slightly disheveled Mary, 'tis true—standing beside him.

"What in the world are you doing here?" he asked.

"I'm going with you, Lucky!" she answered. "I've been with Mother all these years and now I've decided I want a change."



"I tell you, Bill, it's a 'natural' for a detour!"

I've always wanted to travel—see things—have adventures. You don't mind, do you? You want me, don't you?"

Jerry was in a quandary. He thought, of course, that the girl still looked upon him as her father. He decided he must tell her the truth. Miserably he started to blurt out his confession. Mary watched him closely, an amused smile on her lips.

"I—I can't take you with me, Mary, much as I'd like to. You see, I'm—I'm not what you think I am."

"I don't understand," lied Mary. "Please explain. I can stand anything—now!"

"Well, you see," said Jerry miserably, "I'm not—not really your father!"

"And that, Lucky," said Mary, edging closer to him, "is exactly why I want to go with you!"

An hour later, when the *Yedo Maru* was well past the twelve-mile limit, a foreign-bound missionary said the words that at last made Mary Easter the rightful mistress of the name she had borne through life.

Re-enter Judge Priest

(Continued from page 7)

flag. And that daughter of his is a good soldier, too. I've seen her in action—on the desperate battlefield of her own labor pains. A good woman, too—a dam' sight better man than that husband of her. But still and all, with all his shortcomings, he's heap better stuff than that sorry fellow of a Flash Glover that he killed off here two-three months ago. Even if there was bad feeling between 'em, I'd be inclined, knowing both parties, to believe him if he said he did it in self-defense. For all his bluffing and bragging, I don't believe Asa Blair had the nerve to start a shooting scrape on his own hook. There's a yellow streak in him like there is in a lot of these loud-mouths. You know in your heart he couldn't have been the aggressor in that shooting scrape. Anyhow, I do—and a lot of others feel the same way. It's a kind of a—a moral conviction. And that being the case, why you haven't let him out on bail when, in your time, you've let out many a worse man than he'll ever be, is what beats me."

"S'posin' I wuz to tell you, in strict confidence whilst privately I mout share your views as to this here party's innocence, that I also had reason fur believin' he mout take a crazy notion in his head to jump bail and light out from here and jest natchelly leave the country?" stated Judge Priest, pitching the words in a low thin treble over his shoulder.

"Suppose he did! I don't know as I'd blame him exactly. Because, I'm asking you, what earthly show is he going to have with that illiterate numbskull of a Sammy Purdy for his lawyer, going up against Ally Baldwin, who's sharp as a tack and blood-thirsty as a mink and out to make a record? It's a foregone conclusion, what's going to happen to Blair once Baldwin gets him before a jury."

"Think so, do you?" asked Judge Priest and turned and bestowed upon Dr. Lake a slow, cryptic flutter of one puckered-up eyelid.

"Think so? I know so! And by gum, Billy Priest, if you think this is any winking matter, I don't! I declare, I don't know what's come over you in your dotage. I reckon it must be senile decay—acting soft as putty most of the time and then all of a sudden getting stiff-necked and stony-hearted

(Continued on page 58)

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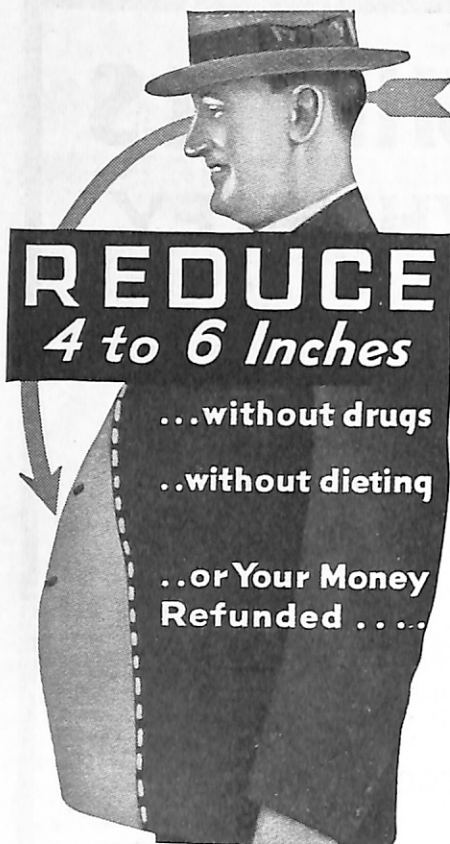
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(Continued from page 57)
over this forlorn poor devil of a Blair. Why, it looks to me like you're actually scared to antagonize Ally Baldwin and yet he struts around this town demeaning you behind your back and you know it as well as I do. Where's your spunk, man? You used to have a little bit. Duty's one thing but when it comes to a thing like this—"

"Listen, Lew Lake," Judge Priest was showing signs of spirit himself. "Ef you wuz to start all this harangin' and tiradin' before me whilst I wuz presidin' inside yonder, you know what I'd do? I'd pop a fifty dollar fine on you."

"What for?"

"For contempt of my Court, suh."

"Contempt of your Court, huh? Well, it'd be a just debt and I'd just reach down in my jeans and pay it on the spot." Huffily the angular old doctor brushed past Judge Priest and angled at his stiff-legged stalk down the steps.

"Hold on," wheezed Judge Priest, "I thought you wuz goin' home with me to have a bait of vittles?"

"Well, I've changed my mind," declared Dr. Lake vehemently. "Way I feel now, if I don't see you for the next year it'll be too soon. I'm goin' to my own house. And you can go plumb to Hell!"

Shaking his testy head, his sparse frame stiffened, he tacked away along the rutted brick sidewalk.

Judge Priest didn't offer to call him back. The red flush died out of his cheeks and he began to grin. Pretty soon, trudging alone through Legal Row, he was blinking and chuckling softly to himself as over some pleasant joke.

It wasn't until the first week in December that they got 'round to taking up the criminal side of the docket. Near the top of the list of true bills appeared the entry: "Commonwealth versus Asa Blair, manslaughter." But for once Judge Priest chose to shuffle the docket about, much to the astonishment of Circuit Clerk Milam, who couldn't recall when the Judge arbitrarily had so interfered before. When His Honor was through with his gratuitous meddling, the Blair case was at the bottom of the column or very near it.

It was called for trial one morning—the morning of December nineteenth, to be exact. For the prosecution, Mr. Baldwin announced ready. But Mr. Purdy claimed he wasn't ready; he thought he needed more time for preparation. Besides, there was an absentee witness—a character witness he wanted to use—and he couldn't produce this individual at this moment. He prayed, therefore, for a continuance until the spring term. Some present were so unkind as to say to themselves that poor Sammy was trying to think up any excuse to postpone the dread hour of his wrestling-match with the resourceful Mr. Baldwin.

"If counsel has not prepared the responsibility is his and he must take it—counsel has had ample opportunity," ruled His Honor. "Motion denied . . . Mr. Clerk, proceed to draw names for the jury wheel."

It didn't take long to find twelve acceptable talesmen—only an hour or two. If there was a single soul there who had any faint hope that Sammy Purdy might develop some faint suggestion—a mere trace, as the chemists say—of courtroom strategy, that hope must immediately have vanished, once the sifting out of members of the panel began. Indeed, so inept were Sammy's questionings, that more than once Judge Priest lent his aid for the sounding of this man's or that man's qualifications. Indeed it might have been said that Judge Priest himself chose at least half of the occupants of the jury box. To this Mr. Baldwin interposed no objections. Yet ordinarily Mr. Baldwin would have been quick to challenge any

imaginable usurpation of his functions by the Bench. Now, though, it was quite evident that he desired only to get at the job of adding one more scalp to his already gratifying string of convictions and calling it a day.

Only in a single detail—and it the work of Providence and not contrived through any design on the part of Mr. Purdy—was there evident an advantage however slight for the defense. There sat with the prisoner his wife and his bairns, the eldest of these not yet ten, the youngest no more than four—three shy, frightened, bird-eyed, pale-haired nestlings. With jurors, sights like this one are said sometimes to count.

Otherwise, though, that trial ran its course literally in grooves of Mr. Baldwin's fashioning. In all regards, the Commonwealth's Attorney dominated the scene. Out of stuff which on its face seemed innocent enough, Mr. Baldwin craftily erected two images—the picture of a peace-loving, orderly citizen, since cruelly slaughtered, and the picture of a violent-minded and a dangerous man—one truculent, and armed, one forever seeking trouble in the market place and on the public highway. He discounted the fact that Glover, apparently with prior knowledge of his enemy's whereabouts, had gone where Blair was; and when the prisoner, having told his own story, was turned over to him, he made the most of the circumstance that from Blair's pistol had come the only shot discharged in the barroom duel; hence Mr. Baldwin drew the damaging inference that it had been no duel but instead an assassination. If Glover had made the first movement toward his hip, as Blair claimed, why hadn't Glover been the one to fire first?

MR. BALDWIN quite had his way about it, overriding Mr. Purdy's sputtered objections, crowding down the nervous cockerel's protests against obvious violations of the rules of cross-examination. No doubt various ones there wondered why sheer pity for the vanquished, if not respect for hallowed procedure, failed to move Judge Priest to interpose in a contest so terrifically one-sided. Yet for the most part, Judge Priest sat mute and let the massacre go on.

It went on until mid-afternoon of the second day. When court adjourned, with all the evidence in, direct and rebuttal, for both sides, Mr. Baldwin issued invitations to friends and well-wishers that they come in the morning to hear his summing-up.

So the audience on that following morning, December twenty-first, was larger than common. But a disappointment awaited the crowd. From Judge Priest's house out on Clay Street came the message that His Honor temporarily was indisposed. He hoped to be able to resume his duties by the next day. But tomorrow there was a similar word—Judge Priest still housebound and feeling little, if any, improvement. The order was that the jurors and all others concerned should report daily until His Honor was well again or anyhow until further notice—with the Holidays impending, too! But an order was an order.

THAT night Dr. Lake heard for the first time that the Judge was ailing, and he decided to call on the invalid, primarily in a professional rôle but with a more pressing motive working at the back of his stubborn brain.

On being ushered into the bedchamber, Dr. Lake was mildly startled to find the inmate fully dressed and overflowing a commodious armchair before an open grate fire, nursing in one hand a toddy tumbler and looking especially fit and rubicund even for him, whose broad cheeks usually glowed with a deep and healthy pinkness.

"Hello, Crosspatch," he hailed, with what struck his visitor as an especially hearty pipe

to his whiny voice. "Come in and set down and rest your face and hands. . . Got shet of your huff ag'inst me yet?"

"Might as well," retorted Dr. Lake. "Then my mind'll be clear so I can get mad at you all over again the next time you go and make some kind of a cantankerous old idiot of yourself. You never disappointed me yet in that regard; always could be depended on. . . What's this I hear about your being laid up?"

"It's taken quite some nursin', but at present writin' I ain't got nothin' this here prescription won't ultimately cure," admitted his host, and jovially waved his half-emptied glass. "Better crack that door behind you and yell down to Jeff to come fix you up one. 'Physician, heal thyself,' as the Good Book sez."

"Humph! I'd say from your present state that you've already overdone the treatment by about four drinks." Dr. Lake crossed over. "Stick out your tongue. . . Humph! Lemme take that pulse of yours, provided I can feel it through all those layers of fat. . . Humph! Now what's all this foolishness about?"

"Well, Lew, to tell you the truth, I did feel awful puny and no-count and so—"

"That's not the truth, you ancient tub of chitterlings, and you know it well as I do!" exclaimed Dr. Lake with affectionate violence. "I figured you might have gone hypochondriac now that your mind's failing so fast on you. But it turns out you're just a deliberate malingerer."

"Don't talk to a patient like that, Lew, and specially to one that's still so porely. But seems like I am sufferin' less'n what I wuz yistiddy. In fact, I gota conviction that by tomorrow I'll be able to go finish up that there Blair trial."

"But, man alive, tomorrow'll be Christmas Eve."

"Seems like I did hear that somewheres else. Jest goes to show that even ef a feller is laid up, the news'll reach him some way or other. Well, whut of it? Didn't King Solomon or some smart feller say once that the better the day the better the deed? . . . Sure you won't take jest one teeny-weeny smidgin' of this here twelve-year-old sour mash—say, about a mule's ear full? That's your notion of a light dram, ain't it? I don't mean when you're doin' any sincere and earnest drinkin'—jest when you're sort of triffin' with a little licker. . . Ah hah, I thought so. . . Jeff! . . . Oh, Jeff! Oh, there you air! You must been listenin' outside the door, to git here so prompt. Jeff, fetch Dr. Lake a gourd-sipper or an empty crock or even a churn ef you've got one handy. Jest any ordinary receptacle would be liable to cramp his style. . . and say, Lew, whilst you're at it, do me another small favor, will you? Be up at my cotehouse tomorrow evenin' 'long about three-four o'clock ef you kin spare the time off. Should I suffer a sudden relapse from hearin' too much of Ally Baldwin's inspired eloquence, I *mount* need you to wait on me."

"I'll be there if it breaks a leg," affirmed Dr. Lake. "I don't know yet what infernal villainy you're up to, you venerable scoundrel, but you've got my curiosity aroused. I'll be there, shorely."

"Oh, by the way," asked Judge Priest, "how's the weather outside?"

"Clouding up, chilling up, too. Looks like we might be having the first snowfall for this winter—and maybe the only one—inside the next twenty-four hours."

"That's good! That's fine!" purred Judge Priest happily.

"Are you going crazy in a fresh direction?—craving a lot of sloppiness underfoot at your age? Billy Priest, you beat me!"

"Oh, I ain't expectin' it to lay on the ground," explained Judge Priest. "Jest some of them great big white flakes driftin' down

(Continued on page 60)

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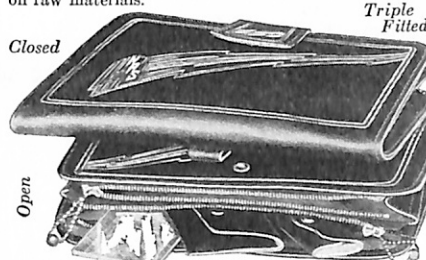
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CLIP THE COUPONS.

(Continued from page 59)

sort of soft and gentle." And at the prospect he smiled a smile of seeming vast content.

"By gum, the fix you're in, I might as well get tight with you. Maybe then I can fathom the workings of your addled intellect, if any such there be. . . . Here, Jeff, gimme that toddy!"

AFTER all, you had to admit it, snow did give even an old codger a kind of a Christmussy feeling clear down to his brittle bones. Dr. Lake, trudging through Legal Row, felt the soft damp crystals brush his eyebrows, saw them funnel into spirals and swirls against the gray vista where the wind played with them, watched them turn to dimples of wet when they hit the earth and melted, and almost could fancy himself a small, excited boy again, a boy in brass-toed boots and red mittens—with a new sled.

The speechifying was over with by the time he arrived and had squeezed into a good place in one of the front rows of whitened benches just behind the railing. "You shore missed it, Doc," a neighbor told him in a whisper. "You never heard Mr. A. S. J. Baldwin spout her out pearter than whut he did here today. Why, he went on nearly two hours without stoppin' except to ketch up with his breathin'. And say, Doc, when he turnt loose full blast on Acy Blair, you oughter seen the way that Acy party turnt dead white in the face and shriveled up inside his clothes. And his wife yonder wuz huddled up, trimblin' till it looked like she wuz fixin' to shake apart right here in this cotehouse. And the oldest child was cryin' out loud and the two least ones sniffin' without knowin' whut they was sniffin' about I reckon, and their eyes runnin'—yes, their noses runnin', too. But I did think Mr. Baldwin pecked on Sammy Purdy a leedle too much—you know, sneerin' at him on the sly, and pokin' fun kind of contemptuous and sarcastic. To me it wuz too much like spankin' a baby that's alredey sick abed. But he shore burnt the woods behind that Acy Blair!"

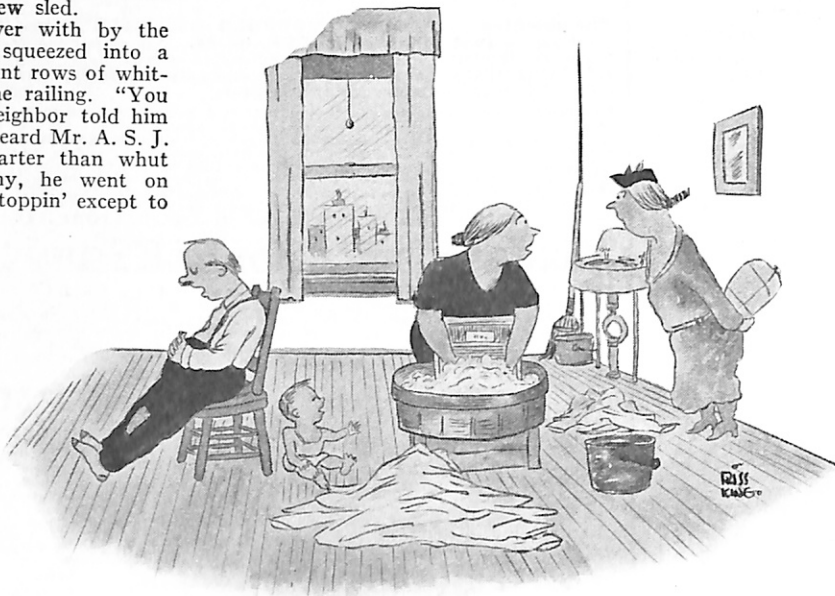
"What kind of showing did Purdy make in his argument?" inquired Dr. Lake. "Poor devil!"

"Poor devil's right, I reckon. Because, believe it or not, Doc, he never opened his doggone mouth—jest set and took it. They're narratin' it 'round here that he wuz organized to make a speech sich as 'twould be, but at the last minute got a warnin' from somewheres—mebbe from Major Robbins, that he used to chore fur him, mebbe from somewheres else, but I wouldn't know about that—anyway, a warnin' not to make no speech at all but jest let nature take its coarseness, ez the sayin' is. Or mebbe he realized how foolish he'd look tryin' to talk ag'in A. S. J. Baldwin, and jest th'owed up the sponge. Anyhow, when his turn come, he got up and said he'd jest rest his case on the evidence, and the statutes—somethin' like that—and flopped down ag'in without another word."

JUDGE PRIEST'S charge to the jury was not very long. Nevertheless, before getting to that, he pattered about so and with such seeming aimlessness that it was well on toward the early dusk before he squared away for his task. So by that time the snow was beginning to outline more heavily the sills of the darkening windows, and

from without, dimly but persistently, came the boom of giant crackers that were being set off by youngsters who just couldn't wait another minute. Pretty soon now the first tin horn inevitably would blare, and the first skyrocket would be due to go up to the heavens in glory, because, you see, Down Yonder in those days the night before Christmas was more even than the night before July Fourth. So far as fireworks went, it was what Fourth of July might be in latitudes farther north, and so far as mischievous pranking by sportive youth was concerned, it was what Hallowe'en still may be in most places elsewhere. And then besides, on top of it all Chris-mus come but once't a year, let every ducky have his sheer!

Having finally made a start at it, His Honor got along, for him, briskly enough. They, these twelve men, should know what



"Oh, I wouldn't call him lazy—he just has more nonchalance than most of us"

bygone lawgivers had interpreted the phrase "reasonable doubt" to mean and must hear how the makers of statutes had defined the degree of guilt for a given offense; but at the end of all else they were to be the sole appraisers on the testimony here offered.

Now then he bent forward, holding them rigid and intent with his eyes, and his voice sharpened and took on a something—a certain shrill intensity—which lanced straight at them and bored into them. All at once it was as though those others sitting there had been shut out of sight and out of mind; as though he, the judge, upon the bench, and they, the twelve men in the jury-pews, were alone together in some vast echoing emptiness.

GENTLEMEN, by reason of an indisposition on my part, these proceedings have been prolonged until the very eve of the happiest festival, the most sacred holiday of all the year. For you I only hope that you may arrive at a decision which will leave you free to hasten from here back to your own firesides before your children hang up their stockings, before they go to bed to dream of St. Nicholas and his reindeer coming through the snowy night across the rooftops while they sleep. I hope that your children are still young enough to believe in St. Nicholas and his reindeer, and that they may go on believing in him for a long, long time. For then, I think, the more likely are they to hold fast in later years to the true spiritual ideals of The Christmas and to practice as a precious emotional heritage the blessed doctrines of peace

on earth and good will to men; of cheer for the downcast and charity for the unfortunate and forgiveness for the repentant sinner.

"Gentlemen, The Christmas should be all of that and should be more than all of that. It should be a season for homecomings, for family reunions, a time for gathering by the hearthstone, a time for parents and babies to be together. God pity them, the fatherless and motherless ones and the neglected ones tonight. And God have mercy upon that household, wheresoever it may be, in whose window tonight no Christmas candle is set to light the good saint on his way—like a reflected spark dropped from the Star of Bethlehem, that holiest of stars which once upon a time guided Three Wise Men. May its radiant beams, shining across the centuries, guide you and all of us in the paths of wisdom now and hereafter.

"Gentlemen, you may now retire and consider your verdict."

He got up, a rumpled figure of an over-fleshed and weary old man, and passed into his chamber just behind his desk and closed the door.

It didn't stay closed, though; immediately it was reopened for the passage of one intruder, then slammed shut. Asking leave of no one, Dr. Lake had ducked under the railing, had catercornered stiffly yet swiftly across the floor and had burst into Judge Priest's presence; and next he took his friend in his arms and hugged him up to him, doing this last awkwardly because Dr. Lake wasn't given to hugging up persons of his own sex and his own age. And jubilantly he cried out:

"You crooked, scheming fat rascal you, what made me so blind! You keep that fool in a cell so he can't run away and gum

up his prospects—yes, and you build up sympathy for him just by keeping him there, too. And you trick that bedaddled bully of an Ally Baldwin into running amuck, letting him tromple roughshod all over Sammy Purdy so it'll soak into the soul of every single solitary one of those jurors that the prisoner's not getting a fair deal or any deal at all for his money. And then you fiddle along and trigger along until here Christmas Eve comes and then give 'em both barrels at close range. The rest was talent, but that was sheer genius, by gummy-gum!"

"Offhand, I can't tell yit whether it's maudlin hysteria he's got, or delirium tremens," complained Judge Priest, querulously addressing void space over Dr. Lake's shoulder. "I wisht somebody would tell me whut this pore old intoxicated gentleman is blatherin' about."

"I suppose you don't know!" clarified Dr. Lake. "I suppose it all happened by pure accident! I suppose you didn't see the looks on those twelve faces, every last doggone one of 'em, when you got through! And I suppose you wouldn't like to bet me the price of all those six-seven-eight egg-nogs apiece that we'll be drinking mighty soon now, that those jurors won't be back inside of ten minutes with an acquittal!"

Still holding him, though, by his plump forearms, Dr. Lake shoved Judge Priest back and glared lovingly at him, and in a tone of reverence which didn't in the least match in with the words he used, he said:

"You damned, conniving old scoundrel of an amateur Santy Claus!"

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